The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1926

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Editors

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH CHANDLER OWEN

Business Manager

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NOT SERVITUDE BUT SERVICE

By A. SAGGITARIUS

Fourteen months ago, The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and Maids came to birth. Its germination was the direct reaction from years of accumulated wrongs to Negro workers in general and Pullman porters and maids specifically. The phenomenal success that has attended its growth, may be largely ascribed to the heroic struggle of nature in preserving the moral balance of the universe.

The splendid spirit and courage of the leaders of the movement have had its leavening effect on the followers. Unselfishness, backed by a comprehensive vision, has produced a like condition. Today the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and Maids is the pioneer in an educational campaign for the enlightenment of Negroes in the economic field. The slogan adopted, as best suited to the spirit of fair play, that has been so marked in its career is: "Not servitude, but service," and its supporters are pledged to live up to its most liberal interpretation.

Service, which has progress for its keynote, must be freely rendered. Its aim should be the betterment of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual condition of the greatest number of humanity. A salient point is noted in scanning the pages of history, Ancient, Modern or Mediaeval; the memories of men, kept green and honored, in spite of time, are they who served most unselfishly. Jesus, the founder of the Christian Philosophy and greatest master of an advanced social state, practiced and preached it throughout his ministry.

The Plantagenet kings of England, who reigned between the 12th and 15th centuries, had for their motto "Ich Dien"—"I serve." There is no doubt that the spirit of which that was the visible emblem, tended largely to produce the Anglo Saxon culture and high status of today. During the world war, the late President Wilson rose to great popularity on the slogan "To make the World safe for Democracy." In the light of the treatment then being meted out to colored soldiers and civilians in this country and abroad by the exponents of this high social and moral principle, the honesty of the expression may be questioned. We are, however, more largely creatures of emotion than reasoning and as a clever piece of advertisement its effect was all that could be desired.

It is my belief that if ever I need a tonic to prevent baldness, Newbro's Herpicide will be the one chosen. I know nothing of the component parts of this tonic or its real virtue; but the ever-present advertisement that greets me on entering a New York subway train is convincing and reason destroying. The psychology produced by modern efficient advertising is able to accomplish any desired social or economic project. When that project is in the interest of truth, justice and right, it becomes doubly fortified and the great spiritual force clothed in the thought "Not servitude but service" will build the character necessary for the accomplishment of that state. The quotation "Sow a thought, reap a habit, sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny;" embodies ideas, the truths of which are daily demonstrated.

The inferiority complex commonly noticed among Negroes is largely a resultant of intensive and extensive Nordic advertising. The Pullman Company by a similar method has been able to establish and maintain a "Gratitude Complex" among its porters and maids. This was done by rules devised to suppress a knowledge of their working conditions and wages, from the public; while holding before these employees' minds their undying obligations to the Company.

In the lectures and through their many propagandists, the loud pedal is placed on service while the ever lessening diminuendo is placed on better wages and working conditions. A leading tactic is to point to many professional Negroes as the product of their generosity. That the high intelligence of these student-porters was the star factor in establishing the fine grade of service of the Company is never mentioned. The seed sown has reaped a fair percentage in harvest. Thus the thought injected under favorable conditions has produced a character composed of the Inferiority Complex plus the Gratitude Complex and they are reaping the destinies of non-union men. That, in the economic and social world is synonymous with weakness, selfishness and ignorance and presents the finest elements in a field for wholesale exploitation.

While the Pullman Company preaches service, always, to the employees, their parsimonious attitude offers little incentive for its attainment. A high grade of service cannot be maintained by employees who are in servitude. The service rendered to patrons of the Company is not a tribute to the Pullman Company; but a recognition of the generosity of the traveling public burdened with responsibilities unjustly thrust upon them and it is the only free service in the system.

Employers, who have caught the idea of modern enlightened economics, are working on the basis of the recognition of the right of workers to fair wages and fair treatment. The result in increased production, care in the handling of equipments and number of valuable suggestions and ideas, speak volumes in praise of this free service. The creative faculties of employees are stimulated and the fruits returned as assets to their employers. It is therefore, quite obvious that this newly recognized system of give and take, used even from the most selfish basis, is far in the vanguard of the old method of forced labor, small pay and poor treatment. It is deplorable that the Pullman Company still clings to the old system in dealing with its porters and maids. There is something incongruous to be noted here. The cars and all inanimate equipments present the highest degree of modern progressiveness; while the animate porters and maids are dominated by methods dragged over from the early sixties.

That they are able at all to compete with the modern school of economics is due to the persistent if distorted advertising spoken of earlier.

The most promising victims of Gratitude Complex are used as bell-weathers to keep the others coralled, through such institutions as the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association, The Employees' Representation Plan and Field Days. There is no more freedom in the service than when a gladiator was pitted against a lion in a Roman arena to produce delectable amusement for Nero and a depraved Roman populace.

The porters are compelled to vote, compelled to join the P. P. B. A., compelled to double when tired, compelled to attend meetings on their rest period and compelled to accept those conditions or quit.

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and Maids are converts of the modern school of progressive economics. The emblem of their leaders is "Ich Dien" and they are pledged to make the slogan of the followers: "Not Servitude but Service" a living reality. Keep in touch with their upward and forward march and watch the struggle of might against right; organized money and organized brains against the spirit of justice and truth; and servitude against free service.

Be sure to save December 3rd for fun and frolic at Manhattan Casino

TO THE BROTHERHOOD MEN

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

Dear Brethren:

We have reached another mile post in our onward conquering march toward economic justice. It is a far cry from the formation of our movement in August a year or more ago, to the here and now of the Brotherhood.

A year ago thousands of well-meaning but misguided porters and laymen shook their heads in doubt and despair and said "No, it can't be done. Its impossible to organize Pullman porters in the face of the opposition of the Pullman Company, rich, powerful and defiant."

At the outset the Pullman officials themselves considered the whole matter as a huge joke, as a passing, sporadic effusion of enthusiasm. How could you be taken seriously when you had been the best ridicule and fun for a half-century? How could Pullman officials realize that you, who had been content to accept practically no wages, were now seriously organizing lawfully and intelligently to demand a living wage, and that your procedure would bear the examination of reasonable men? Needless to say, you were a shock to the Pullman family. It is quite possible, brethren, that the Pullman people have not as yet fully recovered their equilibrium from the shock. There are many reasons for this. The history of our race in America has impressed the white world with the idea that we are incapable of rational change. It is quite difficult for the Pullman Company to conceive of Pullman porters doing what Pullman conductors or railroad engineers, trainmen, firemen or train conductors had done. And the reason is not hard to find. It is simply this. The white world doesn't realize that Negroes have reached the point in their development as yet where they will deliberately, soberly, cooly and dispassionately adopt a course of action which is calculated to protect and advance their social, economic and political interests. White people believe that all Negroes are wholly ruled and swayed in their action by feeling. They feel that Negroes are still slaves in mind if not in body. And it is a matter of common knowledge that if one thinks as a slave, he will act as a slave.

The Pullman Company also thinks that in order to get the maximum of work out of a Negro that he must be driven and treated like a slave. This, brethren, to say the least, is an unfortunate bit of psychology for the Pullman Company to possess on its chief group of workers, because it prevents the Company from realizing the maximum efficiency in service from the porter. It is a simple fact of psychology and social history that no class of people can be driven to perform a task as effectively as they can be attracted by humane, intelligent, reasonable methods.

It is obvious that the Company feels that it can deal with the Pullman porter of today just as it dealt with the Pullman porter of fifty years ago. This view point is as unsound as it is bad business. The Company has not kept apace with its chief labor supply. The Company's mind is incrusted and warped with the fallacious and unscientific dogma and superstition that Negroes are inferior beings and cannot do the things which are recognized as a matter of course among white men. In fact, it really believes that you should not desire to do the things white workers seek to do. This notion is expressed in the saying that "The Negro should keep in his place," wherever that is.

We must admit, however, brethren, that this attitude of mind on the part of a large section of white people is fostered by Negroes themselves. You know that. The Pullman situation is an instance in point. You know that the Negro officials of the Pullman Company are grievously and sadly misleading the white Pullman officials. Most of them are of the old, decrepit, antiquated, fossilized, Uncle Tom, hat-in-hand, me-too-boss type, who are perfectly willing to cringe, fawn, lie and even apologize *for being on the earth when they see a white man facing them.* This is certainly unfortunate but nevertheless true while we must recognize and face it. The Pullman crowd think that all Negroes are like the Negro Pullman officials, that they have no mind, no spirit, no stamina, no grit, that they are afraid to stand up alone and be counted for an upright and just cause.

Most of these Pullman porter instructors and welfare workers, I am sorry to say, are a menace to you and the race. They are the most servile, sycophant, boot-licking toots imaginable. Of course, there are exceptions. But they are mighty few. Why? Because the job itself tends to convert a man into a creature who has a *wish bone* where a back bone ought to be. His business is to spy, snoop around and inform on the porters. Naturally, they seek to fortify themselves in their jobs, they attempt to curry favor with the officials just above them, hence they lie to the management about the porters. They have told the Pullman Company that this movement wouldn't last, that Negroes won't stick to anything, that your leaders will run away with your money or that the Company could buy them out.

It is, indeed, pathetic that the Company has permitted itself to be deceived by these crafty individuals. But the Company believed what it wanted to believe. The Negro officials knew just what the Company wanted to hear, and they gave it to them.

The chief thing the Company needs, brethren, is intelligent guidance in the handling of its service group, the porters and maids. It needs some one who will tell them the truth, what they must expect as a natural and inevitable thing. This will create a more efficient organization for the Company. It will, as a result of this fact, be able to build up a bigger and better business. The Company needs some who will frankly tell them that they can no more expect to continue to under-pay and over-work Pullman porters and maids than they could expect to under-pay and over-work Pullman conductors. They must be given to understand that the entire Negro race has changed, that their porters and maids have changed, that the porter of today is just as different from the porter of fifty years ago as the Pullman Company of today is different from the Company fifty years ago. Fifty years ago, the Company operated with wooden cars. Today it has steel ones. Fifty years ago the Company had servile porters with childish maids. Today the Company has manly, upright standing, intelligent men. Of course this is not true perhaps of all of the porters. But it is true of the large majority.

As there has been a revolution in the equipment of the Company, there has also been a revolution in the thinking of the porters. Moreover, brethren, this ought to be obvious to the most bitter opponent of the Brotherhood. To deny this fact does not cause it not to exist. This, the Company must and will understand. Your job is to educate it. You are best prepared to guide the Company in the handling of your labor. The reason the Negro Pullman officials are not prepared to advise the Company is that they are paid by the Company to serve as task masters, as Simon Legrees over you. They feel obligated to the Company. They are trying to make good by oppressing you. Like the dog before the graphaphone they are listening to their master's voice. They are afraid to speak out the truth because they realize it will cost them their jobs. Nor should you expect them to speak out. It's a matter of bread and butter with them. But, of course, you can't afford to suffer in the interest of their bread and butter. You need bread and butter, too.

You may rest assured, my brethren, that the demands of business efficiency will automatically eliminate the Com-

(*Continued on page 327*)

TRADE UNION MOVEMENTS

By THOS. L. DABNEY

Brookwood Labor College, Katonah, N, Y.

When the trade union movement began, more general forms of labor organizations like the Knights of Labor, which admitted practically everybody, had been tried and found wanting. The every day problems of wage-earners were becoming so important that workers began to lose interest in the general idealistic movements for social welfare. This lack of interest and growing discontent account for the separation of the trade union element from the Knights of Labor and the strengthening of the trade union movement.

With this growing sentiment among wage-earners for an organization of a more practical nature, trade unions multiplied rapidly, and by 1866 there were between thirty and forty national and international trade unions in the United States. At first these trade unions were loosely organized and were of the nature of semi-political associations with a broad membership including unskilled workers, women, and in some cases, employers. They spent considerable time in agitation over the fight for women's rights, legislation and politics, but the trend of these unions was, nevertheless, in the direction of economic action.

I. Structural Features of Trade Unions

As the trade union movement developed, the structure and form of the unions took shape in accordance with the changes in the technique of production and the development of industry. The grouping of the workers in industry had also some influence in the shaping of the form and structure of trade unions. Thruout the nineteenth century workers of the same occupation were so connected in industry that they had practically the same economic interests. This led to the formation of trade unions on the basis of occupation. Members of trade unions are almost exclusively wage-earners in the same trade or similar trades. Trade unions may be divided into three classes: Those in basic trades confined to a branch of one industry, as the needle trades; those in basic trades covering entire industry, as printing, textile industry, etc.; and those in trades extending over several industries, as machinists and carpenters.

At present there is a tendency in the trade union movement toward amalgamation. This movement which proceeds by the combination of inter-allied crafts is due to certain definite developments in American industry. The two most significant elements in this development are: I. machinery production and the division of labor—the basic factors—and the integration of industry and large scale production.

Wide-spread processes of production and the division of labor militated against the success of strikes of local crafts. At the same time it caused confusion and difficulty in plants of workers who were not involved in other local strikes. The use of the label and the boycott by local crafts involved similar difficulty. This situation precipitated the problem of jurisdictional disputes. Carpenters, for example, worked not only on wood but tin, sheet metal and other material which formerly were used by different crafts. To meet these problems and to enable organized groups of workers in the same industry to work in union and harmony the amalgamated form of organization was established.

In certain industries a form of organization close to the industrial union has been developing. This is the case in the United Mine Workers of America where the workers are organized in the mines as one unit irrespective of the difference of their kind of work. The brewery workers are also organized on this basis.

II. Trade Union Government

The government of trade unions is largely a voluntary matter based on the good will and mutual agreement of the members and the pressure and influence of group opinion. The machinery of government is a pliable organization. The constitution of trade unions is flexible, and there is no sharp separation of government functions.

The legislative work of trade unions is done at the conventions. The administrative work is done by the officials and special committees. There is no distinct judicial branch in trade unions. When disputes arise relative to the correct interpretation of agreements or otherwise, an arbitration board selected jointly by the workers and employers study the case and give their opinion as to whether one side or the other is in fault according to the provisions of the agreement. Neither workers nor employers are bound by such decisions. The railroad labor act and such recent legislation provide for compulsory investigation, but not compulsory arbitration.

At the conventions of trade unions representation is based on the membership of local unions. Conventions are usually large and unwieldy, especially those of organizations like the United Mine Workers of America. The officers of unions act as officers of the conventions Special committees are appointed to do the routine work of the conventions.

The referendum is being used to some extent in trade unions to offset the disadvantages of large conventions, to get direct taction from members, and to avoid cliques, corruption and graft usually connected with elections at conventions. The referendum has some disadvantages which have kept it from being adopted as a permanent policy.

The expense involved in conventions has caused unions to try the referendum. A convention of a large organization may cost a million dollars. The last convention of the United Mine Workers of America cost District 1, $60,000; and the convention itself entailed a daily expenditure of $24,000.

The leaders of the trade union movement exert a great influence upon the local officers of unions; and they to a large extent, determine the policies of the movement. The most influential officials are those who head the successful national and international unions. Executive board members, district council, joint board and joint executive board members have considerable power. The greatest power is held by officials of national and international unions. They are leaders with many responsibilities and are usually capable from long experience and training; but some are corrupt and dishonest.

The local union is the smallest administrative unit of the trade union movement. It is governed directly by its members and collects dues, conducts local campaigns for the raising of funds and looks after the interests of its members in the shops.

III. Trade Union Finance

Raising funds for the trade union movement constitutes one of its chief activities. In the first place it requires a large sum of money to finance the movement. The salaries of high officials alone take up a big part of this item. Officials of national unions receive all the way from $2,000 a year to more than $7,000. Strikes—especially when they were more frequent than now—entail a great outlay of money. Organizing work requires a considerable amount of money. To collect the funds for this work trade unions use several methods dependent upon the local situation and the local requirements. The greater part of trade funds is collected directly from members as dues, fees, assessments and fines. A consid-

erable amount of money is raised from advertisements and subscriptions of labor journals, from the sale of labels and other supplies. Money is also raised on certain occasions by donations, tag days and dances.

The question of trade union finance does not end with the raising of money, but it involves the question of economical expenditure and wise investment. The accumulation of funds in trade unions has led many of them to invest money in stocks and bonds. Some have gone into business, especially real estate, hotel and restaurant. Several unions have gone into the banking business. One of the largest and most efficient labor banks in the United States is the bank of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America in New York City. Trade unions are also going into the insurance business. Both banking and insurance are business ventures for labor, and no one is certain what the outcome will be.

IV. Trade Union Politics

One of the most vital questions of the trade union movement is that of democratic government. The question is exceedingly complex because it involves so many factors. The political machinery in trade unions functions in connection with the tactics and manoeuvers just as in our regular government. On the one hand there is the mass of workers most of whom are ignorant and inexperienced; on the other hand are the officials of national and international unions who are for the most part educated and who have some experience with the work of their movement. Some of these are dishonest and unscrupulous. They need an intelligent following to hold them in check.

The members of trade unions want democracy. Officials contend that the present arrangement is indispensable to efficiency. The real question at issue seems to be whether there can be democracy in the trade union movement and efficiency at the same time. This it seems to me, constitutes the dilemma of trade union politics. The workers want more power. At present practically all power rests in the hands of officials of national and international unions. Some of these officials are dictatorial and indifferent to the interests of workers. Many are dishonest and spend much of their time making themselves and their friends secure in office. Some officials are incompetent or are disloyal. Minority groups can do little to remove undesirable officials because of the operation of machines designed to defeat any attempt at real democracy in the unions.

This state of affairs is not due merely to the kind of officials in the trade unions, but it is due in part to the inclination among the masses to worship leaders. It is a product of group psychology. The average worker is well nigh helpless before both his boss and his union leader. As peculiar as this situation may seem, it is the very thing that the trade union movement is supposed to remedy, for this relation between leaders and the workers must be changed.

V. Trade Union Functions

It has already been stated that the trade union movement began to minister to the every day needs of the workers. This means that they are concerned with the economic problems of workers. Collective bargaining, making wage agreements and general cooperation between employers for the good of the workers are some of the functions of trade unions. In short, it is the function of trade unions to take care of the economic interests of all workers and to represent them in any matter that comes up for consideration in which their interests as workingmen are involved. This involves not only wage agreements, but their execution and every thing in connection with their execution.

To the Brotherhood Men

(*Continued from page 325*)

pany welfare workers. Your power and intelligence will force it. The Company does not love them. It ignorantly thinks that it is getting the best results out of them. When the Company wakes up as you will wake up, it will cast out the Uncle Tom Negro worker, who is a pure parasite which constitutes more of a liability than an asset. They do not achieve discipline but they create insubordination.

But, brethren, a dawn of a new day is breaking. You have sounded the death knell of the old order in Pullman relationships toward you. You have built up a mighty organization. In your firm hands flame the torch of truth. It is mightier than legions of men. Public opinion you have won through a logical and fearless presentation of the truth about your cause. You have overcome all opposition. The Filipino bogey has vanished as a weapon of intimidation, though a few are still working. Negro papers are no longer bought up and given you free for your education against the movement. No, the opposition could not stand the burning light of facts and reason.

Now we are at the crossroads. We have reached an epochal point. On the 15th of October, your humble servant filed your application for a hearing before the U. S. Mediation Board to take up the question of revising the wage scale upward and the improvement of working conditions.

Thus let us stand firm. Get every man to join our ranks who has not yet seen the light. Show every member the necessity of paying his dues regularly.

May I say that the handling of our case will cost quite some money. Hence, it may be necessary for me to call upon you to give until it hurts. It is your fight and you must see it through, as of course, I know you will.

Thus brethren, let us fight on and not lose the faith, work on and not grow weary. We are bound to triumph.

FORWARD TO VICTORY!

Your Faithful servant,

A. Philip Randolph.

Phantasy

There she sat on the edge of a horizon cloud—
The cloud was sky-blue and sky-black—
The child who had long since soared to God
And then—last night—came back—

Back from the Eternal City—
Out beyond the Divide of the Veil
With no heavenly halo around her—
But sweet fresh—now rosy—now pale—

There she smiled as she played with her tresses
On her perch of the black and the blue
With her shoes and her sashes and her dresses
Just the same as the girl I once knew—

Then she dropped to the cool of the ocean
That lip-lapped so calmly below—
And she floated—and floated—and floated
What could I do aught—then—but go!

To swing with her there till the dawning
Till the light on the mountain appears—
So I lay—ere she soared to her glory—
In her bosom—and felt her warm tears.

Wm. J. Romes.

The date and place to remember Dec. 3rd, Manhattan Casino

'POOR WAGES AND THE HOME.' UNDER THE EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN.
'WHAT ABOUT SENDING ALICE OFF TO SCHOOL, JIM?'
BUT WE HAVENT ANY MONEY— HONEY— YOU KNOW MY WAGES ARE JUST $72.50 AND MY TIPS —? WELL, YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT THEY WILL BE. OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THEY WONT BE MUCH.
'MOTHER, AM I GOING OFF TO SCHOOL?'
'NO— DARLING, NOT THIS YEAR— BUT YOU'LL GO NEXT, IF I HAVE TO WORK MY FINGERS OFF.'
BOTH OUT TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEET
'GOOD BYE, JIM— I HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD LUCK.'
'GOOD BYE, HONEY DONT WORK TOO HARD.'
'MOTHER, WHY IS IT I CANT GO TO SCHOOL?'
'YOUR FATHER DOESNT GET ENOUGH WAGES, DARLING, AND HE NEVER CAN FIGURE HOW MUCH TIPS HE WILL GET.'
'WHY DOES PAPA DEPEND ON TIPS FOR A LIVING, MOTHER?'
'O, I DONT KNOW, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE, DARLING.'

WIFE - 'JIM, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT YOUR WAGES. ARE THEY GOING TO REMAIN WHAT THEY ARE FOREVER?'
JIM - 'THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO, HONEY, I AIN'T BUT ONE MAN YOU KNOW.'
WIFE - 'YES, JIM, THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS BROTHERHOOD - WHY DON'T YOU JOIN IT? YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT GOT YOU ONE RAISE OF EIGHT PER CENT.'
'YES, THAT'S TRUE BUT SUPPOSE THEY FIRE ME? YOU KNOW THEY'RE ARE SO MANY STOOL PIGEONS AROUND YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHO YOU ARE TALKING TO.'
O — DON'T BE SO CHICKEN-HEARTED! WHAT IF THEY DO FIRE YOU, YOU COULDN'T BE MUCH WORSE OFF. YOU JOIN IT — JIM, DON'T BE A SLACKER, NOTHING VENTURED - NOTHING GAINED - YOU CAN'T EVER EXPECT TO GET ANYTHING UNLESS YOU FIGHT FOR IT. IF ORGANIZATION IS GOOD FOR THE WHITE MAN - IT IS GOOD FOR THE BLACK MAN TOO.'
'I AM WITH YOU.' I HAVE COME TO JOIN. I CAN SEE ITS THE ONLY WAY OUT. THE EMPLOYEE PLAN IS A JOKE.'
A. PHILIP RANDOLPH
'WELL, I SIGNED UP, AND WE'LL WIN, 'HONEY - BECAUSE WE ARE RIGHT.'
'YES, WE'LL WIN, IF WE'LL ONLY STICK. WHITE PEOPLE DON'T THINK COLORED PEOPLE WILL STICK, BUT WE'LL SHOW THEM THIS TIME, JIM.'

AN EX-SLAVE WHO FIGHTS FOR THE NEXT EMANCIPATION

By FRANK R. CROSSWAITH

To those who still deny the essential humanhood of the Negro and, who yet maintain that fate has decreed him to be the eternal footstool of a supposedly strong, pure and virile white race, the case of Silas M. Taylor should prove of deep interest.

When the movement to organize the Pullman porters got under way, among the first to enlist was Silas M. Taylor, sympathetically called "Si" by his fellow workers. Si was born a slave at Appomattox, Va., not far from the historic spot where Grant graciously accepted Lee's surrendered sword, and recalls quite clearly the leader of the Confederate forces to whom he delivered many important messages during the hottest days of the conflict. He remembers being ushered past the numerous guards in gray and fawning flunkies into the secret cell of the military genius of the South's cause. Si's master was one of Virginia's richest slave holders, and as usual bore a military title "Colonel," being the prefix in this instance. With flashes of fire in his small black eyes, Si tells of seeing his mother whipped several times by her master. "On the day she was buried, thirteen years ago, I saw for the last time the long, deep scars made upon her brown back by the Master's lash, and there over her lifeless limbs, I rededicated myself to strike on for the final emancipation of my race."

With the military subjugation of the South and the attendant emancipation of the slaves, young Taylor found himself looking out upon a world he did not understand, a world that seemed to offer him naught but despair, drudgery, and finally death. With no master any longer to command his services and claim him as "my nigger," Si, like so many hundreds of thousands of his fellow ex-slaves, saw ahead of him one wide wilderness of bewilderment. His status in the world had suddenly changed; he no longer belonged to any one master; none could legally claim him; he, perforce, must seek a master; therefore, into a tobacco factory in Danville, Va., the freeman went to begin his education that was eventually to convince him of the fact that Appomattox signified only the end of one form of human slavery and the beginning of another which would break more thoroughly than before the lines of race, color and sex. In this Virginia tobacco factory Si worked and wept, until one morning, amidst the stifling odor of tobacco the revolutionary idea burst forth into bloom in the minds of Si and his co-workers, the idea that united they had the power which the owner of the factory could not overcome. It is a most fascinating picture this ex-slave paints of "the strike" on a tobacco plantation in old Virginia. The strike was won after twenty-four hours, and leaderless these workers were, for none knew how to direct a strike, and all still remember the lash of the master and somewhat nursed the fear these lashes had engendered in their souls. As an example of courage and as an indication of the inherent germ of revolt in the bruised breast of the proletarians of all races, this is a brilliant example.

After five years of new freedom in this tobacco environment, Si decided to change his vocation, and finally secured a new master when he obtained a position as a waiter in the Arlington Hotel in Danville. Shortly after, Si voluntarily "changed masters" again, this time securing a job in a corporation at the head of which was to stand the son of the man whose Proclamation a few years before had made him legally a free man. Si became a car cleaner for the Pullman Company and finally was made a Pullman porter, working in that capacity for almost forty years. As a Pullman porter, Si tells many interesting experiences; for instance, he tells of an occasion when Booker T. Washington was denied certain accommodations en route from the South and which he (Si) managed to accord to him.

During his nearly forty years as a Pullman porter, Si has served most of our captains of industry, politicians, and statesmen, men in whose hands are entrusted the affairs of the Nation.

When the idea dawned upon the minds of the Pullman officials that Si and his fellow-porters needed a union, and one that would be not unlike the "American plan," immediately they organized and gave to the porters a "union" with a high-sounding name. Had they called it by its right name—a Company Union—why, even the Pullman porters would have been inclined to heed the historic warning: "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts." It was, therefore, baptized "The Employee Representation Plan" and like the historic Babe which was born some nineteen hundred years ago in Bethlehem of Judea, porters saw in the "Plan" their star of hope, and, not unlike the fabled wise men of the East, they came to worship and give thanks and sing hallelujah to the new born thing that was to hypnotize them and make them satisfied with long hours of work, starvation wages—in some instances no wages—and brutalizing treatment. Si, however, with that uncanny and somewhat instinctive suspicion which slavery has imbedded in the minds of most Negroes when dealing with white men, refused to trust his fate wholly to this Company Union. He had at all times the respect and confidence of his co-workers, and because of his mental equipment was chosen as one of the committee men representing the porters and who was to make the Plan perform the miracles the Company had claimed for it. As a committee man, Si soon learned what is now common knowledge to every porter in the service, i. e., that when it comes to serving the porters in their legitimate desires to increase their wages and reduce the hours and conditions of their work, the Plan *"just would not work."* In every effort made along these lines, the porters' representatives on the Plan found the dice loaded against them. Thereupon, Si, with a few of his more daring fellow-workers, began a secret but mighty wave of agitation calculated to discredit the Plan and finally destroy it.

About this time, unknown to Si, some of his comrades launched the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters with A. Philip Randolph as General Organizer. When news of this event reached him, Si enlisted as the 310th soldier in the first great attempt to introduce Negro workers to the cause of Industrial Democracy. He entered the struggle with the same zest and fervor that characterized his activities in the early days of his freedom on the tobacco plantation in Virginia. He is today among the most militant members of the Brotherhood's nation-wide army. When information reached the Pullman Superintendent that Si had joined the Union and that official undertook to question his subordinate, Si did not deny it; he manfully admitted that he had, and even offered to produce his Union membership card. Naturally, after this demonstration of militancy, Si was slated to go. How to conveniently do it was the problem the Superintendent had to solve. Si's record was clean; he was a model porter from the point of view of the exacting physical and mental requirements of the Pullman Company. Finally it dawned upon the Company officials that Si could be retired.

Like most men of his time, Si did not know his age. and so, the Company has retired him and, as a last act of revenge, Si is threatened with being deprived of the meagre pension the Company benevolently bequeaths to its re-

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SAMUEL COLERIDGE TAYLOR

By HENRY F. DOWNING

(*Continued from October* MESSENGER)

SAMUEL COLERIDGE TAYLOR

Samuel Coleridge Taylor was the personification of modesty. He was a gentleman in the truest sense. "Swank," as pretensiousness is vulgarly called, was as foreign to his nature as the capacity to discriminate between Negro and Negro is foreign to the average American so-called Nordic. He loved all beautiful things, whether they appealed to his eyes, his ears, or his sense of touch, yet he abhorred the idea of decorating himself. He never, to my knowledge, wore a finger-ring, or sported any kind of a pin in his tie, and his watch, made of some kind of cheap metal, dull to the eye, nestled chainless in his pocket. He wore gloves, never expensive; at times he carried a cane, but more often a crook-handle fat umbrella certainly very useful but by no means ornamental; but as for a top hat? Anathema!

Despite his resolution to be simple and modest in his appearance, as well as in his speech, even after his visit to America where the adulation showered upon him was of the kind to have utterly spoiled him, twice did he violate this rule, but the occasions that compelled him to do so were exceptional.

The first infraction was when he wore a top hat while acting as "best man" at the wedding of his friend Auguste Yaeger. This top hat story is rather amusing, but suppose we let Taylor himself tell it.

"Convinced by Jessie (Mrs. Taylor) that it was absolutely necessary that I should wear one of the abominable things I unwillingly consented. Of course I didn't own one and didn't want to own one. I sent a distress call to some of my friends and a little while later many 'Dicers,' as I believe they are called in America, were in my house. Some were brought by their owners themselves, some arrived by special messenger, some came by express. They were of all kinds: beaver, silk, bombazine, etc. I tried them on but none would fit me. I concluded that their owners, my friends, were a small-headed lot; but maybe I was unjust, for even then my head, before it became swollen by success, was unusually large. I had no choice but to purchase, so, although not at all overburdened with cash, I paid a guinea for a 'Stetson.' All through the night after the wedding the confounded 'pot' so tormented me in my dreams that when morning came I resolved to get rid of it for good and all; accordingly, I carried it into the street and thrust it into the hands of a passing laborer who stared at me amazedly as I cried to him: 'Away with the beastly thing! Burn it, drown it! if you want to.' He grinned and hastened away, carrying the hat, and, as he told me later, exchanged his windfall for a pint of Dublin stout."

The young composer's second essay on ornamenting his person occurred at a gathering of Negroes, delegates from the United States, Africa, the West Indies, Canada and South America, prominent amongst whom were the late Bishop Alexander Walters, New York; Hon. F. E. R. Johnson, Liberia; Miss Anna H. Jones, Kansas City; Judge D. Augustus Straker, Detroit; Samuel Coleridge Taylor, London, and many other well-known persons.

The delegates were guests at a garden party given by Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, in the extensive and beautiful grounds of Fulham Palace; they were regaled at afternoon tea, by members of parliament, on the great terrace that overlooks The Thames, and from which in the distance is seen historical Putney Bridge in whose vicinity Oxford and Cambridge annually scull for victory. And not the least pleasing and meanful of the numerous functions that were given in honor of the Pan-African Conference, as the Negro Congress was called, was a special performance of Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast."

I had brought from Liberia a diploma, signed by the President of that country, which said that Samuel Coleridge Taylor, because of his distinguished service as a musician was made a Knight Commander of "The Order of African Redemption," a Liberian Chapter of Chivalry, created by the late President Cheesman. The insignia of the Order, a gaudy medal made of gold and white enamel, was attached to a broad red, white and blue ribbon, an imitation of the colors of the Liberian flag. Coleridge consented to wear the medal while he conducted the performance of his cantata at Alexandre Palace in the North of London. I placed the ribbon around his neck, then went to the auditorium and waited for him to appear upon the stage. He soon came but the ribbon was not around his neck, the medal was not resting against his breast. He bowed to the audience, meanwhile grinning triumphantly at me, then faced the orchestra and singers, raised his baton and the performance began.

"I fooled you!" said he to me, after the show.

It would seem that there are American Negroes who attended this Conference, or Congress, either title fits it, have forgotten that it was held; they seem to have forgotten that it was conceived in the fertile brain of a West Indian Negro, then practising law in London, named H. Sylvester Williams, and that it was owing to his hard work, and mainly at his expense, that it occurred. It was given under the auspices of the African Association of London, and actively approved by the Colenson brothers, sons of the late Bishop Colenson, the beloved of all black South Africa; by Mrs. Cobden Unwin, daughter of the great Cobden and wife of Fisher Unwin the publisher; by Dr. Creighton, and by many other influential Englishmen and Englishwomen. And, all this being true, it is indeed strange that any person who was present at this Conference, held within the shadow of the Houses of Parliament and the sound of "Big Ben," in Westminster Town Hall on the 23d, 24th and 25th of July, 1900, could be unaware that it was the very first event of its kind, or to be ignorant of the fact that it was inspired by H. Sylvester Williams, its organizer. But, alas! Williams is dead, and dead men tell no tales.

This Conference was a new and enlightening experience for Coleridge Taylor. It was the first time he had mingled with a large number of Negroes grouped together; it was the first time he had listened to the story, told in burning words by emotioned men and women, of the wrongs Negroes had suffered at the hands of white men. He grieved over the late slave-agony, rejoiced over their emancipation, viewed their future with hope, and became thrilled with a race consciousness, which later found expression in his volume of "Sorrow Songs," and which remained with him until his death.

It was characteristic of Coleridge Taylor that he was thorough and almost meticulously painstaking in everything he professionally undertook. "As an example of this," quoting Mr. Landon Ronald, who paid a handsome tribute to Coleridge Taylor's work at the Guildhall School of music where he was a professor, "the operatic class, of which he had charge, it was decided should study and present 'The Yeoman of the Guard.' Mr. Taylor had never seen this particular opera. He heard that, a night or two before his first rehearsal with the class was due, the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company was playing it at Newport in Monmouthshire. Accordingly, that afternoon, after finishing his work at the Guildhall, he rushed to Paddington, caught the train to Newport, and reached the theater just as the performance was commencing. There was not a vacant seat; however, the manager brought him a chair and he followed the action of the play upon the stage. After the performance there was just time for a little food before catching the night train back at 11 p. m. In the train he studied the score, reaching Paddington at 3:30, getting home to Croydon at 6:30, and then after a short rest was ready for the day's work."

Yes, Coleridge was a slave to duty, always loyal to work no matter how difficult or exhausting, yet those who best knew him and best loved him now wish he had been less devoted to work. They believe that if he had not been worked too often to the edge of collapse, perhaps he would have lived much longer than he did.

About this date Richard Archer, at one time a Jubilee Singer and later Mayor of Battersea, a London borough, began cultivating the friendship of the now celebrated composer, and it was through him, I believe, that a rather strange character pushed himself upon Coleridge and his wife, and for a time made their days somewhat uncomfortable. He was an American Negro. He had a wonderful voice, entirely untrained, which he claimed he had learned to use by listening to the singing of birds. Woebegone in appearance, yet presumptious as Satan himself, he fastened himself upon the Taylors, wheedled many shillings from their poorly provided purse, food from their larder. At last, however, he overstepped the mark just a little too far; that is, he locked himself in the young couple's bath room for hours, and washed his filthy clothes, meanwhile, Taylor and his wife, and their maid, all the time were shouting to him to open the bath room door and depart. Mr. Stranger turning a deaf ear to these persuasions. Coleridge, despite his sweet temper, lost patience. He summoned a "Bobby," and the wonderful voice was dragged out of the bath room and out of the house, carrying his wet-wash under his arm.

"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown," said Coleridge, grinning, after he had told about the strange Negro.

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THE EATONVILLE ANTHOLOGY

By ZORA NEALE HURSTON

(*Continued from October* MESSENGER)

Once 'way back yonder before the stars fell all the animals used to talk just like people. In them days dogs and rabbits was the best of friends—even tho both of them was stuck on the same gal—which was Miss Nancy Coon. She had the sweetest smile and the prettiest striped and bushy tail to be found anywhere.

They both run their legs nigh off trying to win her for themselves—fetching nice ripe persimmons and such. But she never give one or the other no satisfaction.

Finally one night Mr. Dog popped the question right out. "Miss Coon," he says, "Ma'am, also Ma'am which would you ruther be—a lark flyin' or a dove a settin'?"

Course Miss Nancy she blushed and laughed a little and hid her face behind her bushy tail for a spell. Then she said sorter shy like, "I does love yo' sweet voice, brother dawg—but—but I ain't jes' exactly set in my mind yit."

Her and Mr. Dog set on a spell, when up comes hopping Mr. Rabbit wid his tail fresh washed and his whiskers shining. He got right down to business and asked Miss Coon to marry him, too.

"Oh, Miss Nancy," he says, "Ma'am, also Ma'am, if you'd see me settin' straddle of a mud-cat leadin' a minnow, what would you think? Ma'am also Ma'am?" Which is a out and out proposal as everybody knows.

"Youse awful nice, Brother Rabbit and a beautiful dancer, but you cannot sing like Brother Dog. Both you uns come back next week to gimme time for to decide."

They both left arm-in-arm. Finally Mr. Rabbit says to Mr. Dog. "Taint no use in me going back—she ain't gwinter have me. So I mought as well give up. She loves singing, and I ain't got nothing but a squeak."

"Oh, don't talk that a' way," says Mr. Dog, tho' he is glad Mr. Rabbit can't sing none.

"Thass all right, Brer Dog. But if I had a sweet voice like you got, I'd have it worked on and make it sweeter."

"How! How! How!" Mr. Dog cried, jumping up and down.

"Lemme fix it for you, like I do for Sister Lark and Sister Mocking-bird."

"When? Where?" asked Mr. Dog, all excited. He was figuring that if he could sing just a little better Miss Coon would be bound to have him.

"Just you meet me t'morrer in de huckleberry patch," says the rabbit and off they both goes to bed.

The dog is there on time next day and after a while the rabbit comes loping up.

"Mawnin', Brer Dawg," he says kinder chippy like. "Ready to git yo' voice sweetened?"

"Sholy, sholy, Brer Rabbit. Let's we all hurry about it. I wants tuh serenade Miss Nancy from de piney woods tuh night."

"Well, den, open yo' mouf and poke out yo' tongue," says the rabbit.

No sooner did Mr. Dog poke out his tongue than Mr. Rabbit split it with a knife and ran for all he was worth to a hollow stump and hid hisself.

The dog has been mad at the rabbit ever since.

Anybody who don't believe it happened, just look at the dog's tongue and he can see for himself where the rabbit slit it right up the middle.

Stepped on a tin, mah story ends.

The Theater

The Souls of Black Folks

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

All God's Chillun' Still Got Wings

PAUL ROBESON

Times sure do change. Ten years ago being a Negro in New York was just one long spell of hard luck. When the industrious Ethiopian left home in the morning to earn his daily bread and room rent it was the way of wisdom to start out with a prayer in his heart and a sharp blade in his pocket; for if he accidentally stepped on a white man's foot in the subway crush he would have to do some fast slashing to keep from being lynched by the populace before the police arrived. If he failed to escape the enraged citizenry and run himself lost before the uniformed posse reached the scene he was a poor boy. The gendarmes would begin manhandling him where the plain people had left off and after they had broken their nightsticks and busted their blackjacks on his skull the magistrate would sentence him to three months on the island for assaulting New York.

Even if he reached the scene of his toil in safety life was far from being one sweet song. When lunch time came the chances were he would have to walk no less than six blocks before he could find a restaurateur willing to give him some stew and chicory in exchange for his quarter. When he came out of the eating place he would immediately be pounced upon by anywhere from two to ten of his compatriots who wanted to know if they really served colored people in that place or if he had only been in there to deliver something. They all knew from experience that hardly any clean looking restaurant would serve a Negro. But that was not an infallible rule as a majority of the dirty ones would also decline to sell an Aframerican a meal. In fact it was possible for a timid Negro to starve to death with plenty of money in his pocket.

When his hours of labor were ended and the time for pleasure came the black New Yorker's problems were by no means simplified. Many saloons would refuse his patronage and only the shabbier and less attractive ladies of the streets would consider his trade. If he craved spiritual entertainment in the form of theatrical divertissement the only way he could get any closer to the stage than the second balcony was to have the district attorney intercede for him at the box office. If he went to the theater alone he would have to park his posterior in a top gallery seat or remain on the sidewalk.

The portrayal of Negro character in the arts was a consummate idealization of the general attitude toward the concrete Negro in the street. In poetry he was the theme of Eden Philpotts' comminatory lyrics of lechery while in fiction the Rev. Thomas Dixon presented him as a rapist and the Hon. Octavius Roy Cohen presented him as an idiot. The official attitude of the theater was adequately expressed in that masterpiece of the screen. The "Birth of a Nation," which pictured the Negro as being endowed with all the attributes of Satan except his courage.

But those days are gone forever. About five years ago that discerning scholar and intrepid publicist, Eugene O'Neill, discovered that Negroes are the offspring of the Almighty and that under their B. V. D.'s and camisoles they conceal irredescent wings. He argued his case in public and proved it, and as a consequence the public attitude toward the Aframerican changed almost overnight. Now Negroes are physically safe in any part of town from Hell's Kitchen to Cannon Street, they can eat in most any restaurant where the scale of prices is not too steep, and it is being rumored that even the managers of Loew's theaters are considering admitting colored people to the orchestra floor without an argument after January 1st, 1938.

Although Mr. O'Neill established the theory of the celestial origin of black folks without assistance his view has subsequently been concurred in by no less than twenty distinguished scholars and scientists, among them, to name only a few, are Professors Odum and Johnson, Dr. Carl Van Vechten, Dr. David Belasco, Professors Jackson and White (Newman Ivey), Dr. Dubose Heyward and Dr. Paul Green. Each of these savants, working independently, has contributed valuable data to Mr. O'Neill's theory and each of them has labored to disseminate it through the public prints at prevailing space rates.

The latest convert to the theory is Prof. Jim Tulley, who assisted by Mr. Frank Dazey, sets forth the result of his researches in a monograph entitled "Black Boy." The book is not yet off the press but in the interim Mr. Horace Liveright, the well known educator, is presenting the substance of the manuscript to the non-reading public in the form of a morality play which is being shown at the Comedy Theater every week day night and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

As theatrical entertainment "Black Boy" is livelier and more interesting than either "Lulu Belle" or "All God's Chillun' Got Wings" and it contains better acting. It is the task of Paul Robeson to act the central role and I

doubt if any actor ever had a harder job. The way the play is written all the white characters are first cousins of the Devil while the leading colored character is compounded of the holiness of Simon, the Cyrenian, the spaciousness of Cyrano de Bergerac and the innocence of Little Eva. To give this blend of airy nothings the appearance of a substantial human being requires nothing less than a touch of histrionic genius and fortunately Robeson has it. There isn't a moment when he can afford to ease up, for the part contains at least half a dozen pitfalls where to couple the lines with a look or an inflection a bit too guileless would cause the character to slip off into the fearful abyss of sweetness and light. Robeson maintains the true tempo all the way, playing the part with effervescence and color without once suggesting the fantastic or flamboyant. His work alone invests the flimsy role with dignity and charm.

It is rather unfortunate, but Robeson's work as an actor almost nullifies Prof. Tully's work as a scientist. Complete harmony of collaboration between the two, of course, is not possible. As a scientist, Prof. Tully aims to have Black Boy demonstrate the soundness of a thesis; but once the type leaves his hands and is committed to those of Mr. Robeson, the latter, as an artist, must do his best to convert the wisp of scientific theory into a plausible colored Elk. In Mr. Liveright's morality Mr. Robeson's work unquestionably surpasses that of Prof. Tully. But there is ample consolation for Prof. Tully in the knowledge that when the book appears and his theory is stated in dispassionate print he will have all the better of it.

Next to Black Boy the most difficult part in the play is that of Irene, a near white yes-woman. This character furnished the key to Prof. Tully's thesis. She is about nine-tenths white and nine-tenths bad, and the trend of the play compels one to feel that only the touch of the tar brush gives her what little virtue she has. The role is intrusted to Edith Warren who handles it very neatly and smoothly except in the scene in which she is browbeaten into doublecrossing her lover. In that scene she fails to rise to an adequate heat of emotion, but before and after that she is good enough.

The other characters are conventional morality types, and as the actors to whom they are assigned appear to be skilled workers rather than artists they are presented just as they were written. I rather prefer their finished technique to Mr. Robeson's lavish artistry. After all I stand to gain socially and economically by the success of Prof. Tully's theory, and it won't do to have realists like Mr. Robeson bringing seraphic creatures like Black Boy down to earth. If Prof. Tully will write about three more moralities of this sort and cast them with the right kind of uninspired, plugging actors it will go a long way toward making it possible for a Negro to order a bowl of soup in even one of Child's restaurants without being crowned with a cuspidor.

The Business Side of the Little Theatre

Little theater organizations, like other spiritual movements, usually start out in a white heat of enthusiasm. The members are full of zeal and they swear eternal allegiance to the cause and predict great things for the future. If the movement has been adequately advertised the first performance usually draws a sizable audience. But invariably the acting fails to run as smooth as it appeared at the final rehearsals. Either the curtain hangs and spoils a scene or some important piece of property is discovered to be missing at a critical moment or some member of the cast gets nervous and takes a miscue. As a result of these gaucheries the second performance draws a smaller audience than the first one.

The decrease of public interest is followed by a waning of zeal on the part of the members of the organization. The less enthusiastic members begin to skip rehearsals, making it difficult to cast the pieces selected for the next performance. Perhaps it becomes necessary to postpone the next performance, and when that happens the interest of the public, already on the decline, disappears altogether. This is the way four out of five amateur theaters fail.

When the earnest members of the group get together to discuss the situation they usually trace the cause of their failure to the uninspired acting and the inferior quality of the plays they were compelled to present, lamenting the fact that their number did not contain a dramatist like Synge or O'Neill or at least one actor with a bit of the genius of Gilpin. They are likely to forget, or, rather, overlook the fact that the Theater Guild achieved its phenomenal success without the assistance of an O'Neill and the Pasadena Little Theater, the Chapel Hill Players and the Dallas Little Theater each established itself in its community without the help of a Synge.

Besides the organizations just mentioned the list of little theaters which have won success without the boon of either dramatic or histrionic genius could be lengthened until it included upward of a score. In fact no exceptional talent is required to establish a little theater in any community where there is a spiritual demand for one. But it must not be taken for granted that a spiritual demand for a little theater, plus a willingness to cater to that demand on the part of a group of actors, is alone sufficient to insure the success of the movement.

The ideal of the little theater should be to serve the community by giving it the kind of entertainment the commercial stage will not provide because it is not profitable enough. But no community, no more than an individual, desires an incompetent servant. The first duty of the managers of an amateur theater is to prepare themselves to serve the community efficiently, and the best preliminary step toward that end, perhaps, is for the organization to plan to turn professional as fast as circumstances permit. To turn professional, of course, does not necessarily mean to turn commercial.

A discerning group will very quickly discover that impressive acting is the first step toward winning popular support. The recognition of this fact will bring the group face to face with a problem that must be dealt with intelligently and absolutely without sentiment. Few people think so, perhaps, but to become proficient in acting requires as much study and preparation as are needed to become proficient in the practice of medicine. The organization will have to choose between hiring professional actors to play all important roles and putting the more talented of its own members on a pay basis while they devote themselves to intensive training and frequent rehearsals. As it is easier to hire an actor than train one the former course is usually adopted. It will be recalled how the Provincetown Theater called in Gilpin, an outside professional, to play Brutus Jones, and Robeson, another outside professional, to interpret the leading part in All God's Chillun' Got Wings. Either way the question is decided it means an expenditure of money and raises the problem of how to obtain it. Unless the organization contains a few cool business heads in addition to the members with ability to act or write this is the point where the theater will go under.

There are various ways of dealing with this problem successfully, of course, but I think the plan outlined in the concluding paragraphs of this article will be found serviceable by any Negro little theater which has not already worked out a better solution for itself.

Regardless of the attitude of the other members of the group the persons intrusted with the business management of the organization should regard the little theater as a commodity for which they must find a market. It ought to be obvious from the outset that they cannot sell their commodity to the community as a whole. A part of the public will be found to be opposed to the theater on principle while another section is satisfied with the offerings of the local vaudeville house, and a third contingent is disinterested in the theater as a vehicle of entertainment. For a theater with limited or no funds to attempt to win an audience from the entire community on the merits of its ideals is as ridiculous as a bond salesman looking for customers among day laborers.

The first appeal of the little theaters should be made to

those members of the community who are so dissatisfied with the commercial theater that they are willing to contribute toward subsidizing a movement to bring the stage up to the level of the community's culture and spiritual life.

Folk Beliefs of Southern Whites

Lonesome Road—Six Plays for the Negro Theater—By Paul Green. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

Ten years ago books devoted to the life and character of the American Negro were almost as rare as white blackbirds. When a book on the Aframerican did appear it was usually the writer's intention to give aid and comfort to the authors of the grandfather clauses and Jim Crow acts by depicting the progeny of Uncle Remus with the physical aspect of a gorilla, the mental capacity of Caliban and the libido of a satyr. But nowadays, as I have elsewhere remarked, that hostile attitude toward Young Black Joe on the part of the literary men seems to have vanished in thin air. Instead of employing the colored gent as a symbol for original sin the members of the writing guilds have suddenly turned embarrassingly friendly to him, picturing the grade A Ethiopian as a paragon compounded of the best qualities of Justin Martyr, Oliver Cromwell, Coquelin, St. Christopher and William Tell while describing the class C darkey either as an inevitably lovable if somewhat picaresque vagabond or an inescapably tragic figure of Promethean magnitude. Clearly the latter intention was in the back of Paul Green's head when he wrote the six plays for the "Negro theater," included in the interesting volume labeled "Lonesome Road."

Although no less an authority on the drama than Barret H. Clark declares these plays "as stirringly beautiful as any that have ever been written by an American," and I am likely to be set down as a renegade darkey with no sense of gratitude for saying it, I must confess that my personal impression of the book is that as a dramatist Mr. Green, who teaches at a Southern university, is probably a first rate instructor in philosophy. Mr. Green has undertaken to dramatize the agitations of a group of bush Billy Sundays, cotton patch Mrs. Warrens and clodhopper Alice Rhinelanders, but he either selected a group barren of dramatic interest or, else, he was unable to extract the essence of struggle from his subjects. It seems that he made the mistake of assuming that sordidness and suffering are themselves dramatic material. They are not, neither is the mere protracted struggle to survive dramatic material. The only kind of struggle suitable for dramatic treatment is the clash between desire so intense that it will sweep aside or destroy any ordinary obstacle and opposition so strong that it will crush any ordinary desire. There is no trace of that kind of struggle in "Lonesome Road" and, consequently, the plays are not plays but dirty dialogues dealing with episodes in the lives of earthworms without the courage to turn.

But I have said the book is interesting. It is—as a companion volume to Prof. Peckett's "Folk Beliefs of Southern Negroes"—for the book contains a prize collection of the queer notions educated folks pick up when they become too wise to believe that a rabbit's foot brings good luck and that St. Paul actually saw the ghost of Jesus Christ. If any savant is compiling a thirty-two volume Encyclopaedia of American superstitions, I commend it to his attention.

I will not attempt to set down all the quaint ideas one encounters in "Lonesome Road," as I have no intention of rewriting, or rather, copying the book, but in justice to myself I must mention a few of the more salient superstitions it contains lest incredulous readers conclude that I am exaggerating its imbecility. Most conspicuous of Mr. Green's odd beliefs, perhaps, are his notions of the results of crossing the races. Like all young playwrights who have learned a thing or two from Bernard Shaw, Mr. Green intersperses his stage directions with more or less effective description of character. But, unlike the shrewd Irishman, Mr. Green is never quite fortunate in making it clear precisely what he means. For instance, he speaks loosely of a mixed man: "All the evil of his race flares out into his smoldering countenance." Rapidly remembering Dr. Crippen, Gyp the Blood, Simon Legree, Rev. Norris and Ponzi, one naturally wonders which race Mr. Green means.

Then there is the continually recurring thrusting forward the mulatto as the typical Negro with aspirations. Has the man never heard of Dean Pickens, who is continually being mistaken for a shadow after dusk? Or Marcus Garvey, who has to wear white socks so he can tell whether he has his shoes on or off? Or George Schuyler, who sweats ink? Or R. R. Moton, who has to wear a red lantern after dark? But here, perhaps, I do Mr. Green an injustice. The men I named above all knew how to get ahead in the world while Mr. Green's heroes all fail. Maybe he wants it understood that the adulation accounts for the difference.

We come now to some rococo ideas on education—ideas which, strangely enough, Mr. Green, an instructor in philosophy, holds in common with shoe salesmen, communists and the garden variety of school teachers. To begin with, he holds that its rudiments are extremely difficult for the ambitious dinge to master. This, of course, is absurd, for at least eight out of every ten plebians, white, black or orange, master its principles easily enough. If anybody doubts this all he has to do is consult the records of any graded or secondary school. Next, Mr. Green makes it appear that the mass of darkeys are not alive to the blessings of knowledge and if left alone would prefer to remain ignorant. The compulsory school laws in vogue all over Christendom show that white peasants and proletarians have the same attitude and not without a scintilla of reason on their side, for it is obvious that the duties that nine-tenths of the robots of the world have to perform require no more intelligence or even literacy than a milk-wagon horse needs to learn and memorize a delivery route. But this sound attitude toward education cannot be given the sanction of authority, for then some instructors in philosophy would have to go to work.

This thing is getting wearisome. It is needless to delve into the great middens of sordidness Mr. Green piles up trying to deceive somebody into mistaking it for tragedy. Suffice it to say that for a woman to be her own midwife and then bury her stillborn baby in a shoe box is intrinsically no more tragic than for a lady in waiting to drop a miscarriage on the floor at a royal ball. (See Pepy's diary.) And the sheer stupidity of some of the characters is downright nauseating. Take, for instance, the extremely naive method of Henry Morgan, a white landowner, employed to separate his son and his chocolate sweetheart. Morgan's method was simply to compel the girl to marry a handy "black" Negro who happened to be in love with her. Mr. Green blandly leaves the characters in that situation as if the thing were all settled. But anybody with even a cursory knowledge of life in the South knows that marrying the girl off would have virtually no effect on her relations with her white lover. North Carolina isn't Turkey, and the black husband wasn't a millionaire. He could neither keep his wife under lock and key nor employ a squad of eunuchs to guard her in his absence. Besides, his presence wouldn't mean anything. The white lover would simply tell him to get another gal. Still, Mr. Green makes Henry Morgan act is if a marriage license would automatically put a barbed wire entanglement around that thing Ethel Waters sings about shaking.

I believe I have made my case. It is hardly probable that even Miss Fausset, on second thought, will hold that plays at loggerheads with life at so many points represent sound drama. I can agree with the world, however, on the contention that "Lonesome Road" is a beautiful book. It has the most gorgeous calico cover I have ever seen. It is glory to the house of McBride.

Edito

Opinion of the leading

American Federation of Labor Convention

This was our first visit to a convention of the Federation. It had some high lights of interest as well as many dead levels. This, of course, in a measure is the tenor of most conventions.

I was disappointed, however, with the absence of any hot intellectual battles on the floor. Everything seems to have been ironed out in committees. Groups seemed to be even afraid to support their own resolutions. We learned, however, from a discerning observer that this is a recognized form of strategy of groups that back resolutions. Regardless of its strategical value, it doesn't make for a healthy moral and intellectual condition of the labor movement. It seems to savor of the fact that groups are losing time and energy in deft and subtle manipulations and parryings, without the courage to face an issue and fight it through. While many delegates apparently favored the idea of sending a delegation to study conditions in Soviet Russia, only Max Hayes of the Typographical Union of Cleveland, seemed to be willing publicly to admit it.

The most thoughtful talks were made by President Green, John P. Fry, Matthew Woll, Andrew Furuseth and John P. Lynch. Green is very deliberate and clear in his observations. He sometimes retraces a sentence in order to be sure of his thought. He has much of the manner of a theolog. He is markedly dignified. He seems to be yet feeling his way as the leader of the Federation.

Matthew Woll impresses one as an astute tactician with much ability. Andrew Furuseth and Frank Morrison are the most conspicuous figures in the convention. Morrison is calm and kindly in appearance while Furuseth is rugged and dogged; a typical seaman.

The outstanding speeches among the visitors were made by Rabbi Wise. He made a brilliant and stirring appeal for the Passaic strikers, interspersed with many biting thrusts at the Y. M. C. A. of Detroit and the Detroit churches that banned the speeches of Green and other A. F. of L. officials in their pulpits.

It is interesting to note in this connection, too, that perhaps the most radical speech made in the convention was that of a Y. M. C. A. official, Mr. Eddy. As one of the members of a delegation which recently visited Soviet Russia, he pleaded with the Convention to send its own delegation there to study the situation. He condemned Russia for what he styled the absence of personal freedom, its advocacy of world revolution and its tendency toward atheism, but he insisted that it was the most stable government in Europe, that it was gradually returning to normalcy in production and that the principle of service instead of profit characterized its rule. While his talk was roundly applauded, the Convention definitely registered its opposition to the idea of sending a delegation to Russia.

Mr. Spencer Miller, Jr., of the Workers' Educational Bureau and Kate Richards O'Hare made interesting talks on workers' education and prison reform. The British delegates, Messrs. Bromley and Hicks made splendid talks. They predicted that a Labor Government would come to power in England in the next three years.

Some of the strong men of the Workers' party were there. Foster and Engdahl moved in and out, apparently assured of their exclusiveness. Other interesting folks were the Jelliffes of the Playhouse Settlement of Cleveland, who are seeking the fundamentals in race relations. Benjamin Stolberg, a distinguished scholar of world labor problems, sat at the press table. Three Negro delegates of the Freight Handlers were present. They had all of the subtle quietness and diplomacy born of a victim of long oppression. They had problems, labor, organizational and racial which they wanted to work out, but they seemed securely isolated. They were not professional labor leaders although they were not unaware of what it was all about; but they were wholly unprepared to cope with so practical a group of labor leaders who shaped affairs. They, however, were quite the equal of the average white delegate. Immediately we saw them, they showed a welcome glow in their eyes, and manifested great concern about our welfare.

I felt that the Negro workers needed a strong man whose voice would be heard and respected in that parliament of American labor. There was not a word on their problems, although the American labor movement cannot reach its goal without them. American labor needs the refreshing, spiritual idealism of black American workers who have not been saturated with the practicalism of winning technical victories. President Green seems to understand that.

Y. M. C. A. Bans Green

One of the surprises of the Convention of the American Federation of Labor was the refusal of the Y. M. C. A. to permit Mr. Green, President of the A. F. of L. to address it after he had been invited. Not only this, but Detroit churches generally withdrew their invitations to A. F. of L. delegates to speak from their pulpits.

The consensus of opinion is that it was the result of pressure of Open Shop Employers of Detroit. It is a matter of common knowledge that Detroit is one of the most notorious open shop cities in the country. Ford, the high potentate of the Mecca

rials

colored American thinkers

of the automobile, states in his literature that there is no place for a union in his factories, that the problems of his workers are all individual. Henry Ford and Edsel incidentally contributed a million and a half dollars to the Y. M. C. A. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Y. M. C. A. officials were so innocent that they admitted that Green's speech at the "Y" might injure its drive for a new building.

The "Y" was fearful lest it would lose the good will of its anti-union benefactors were it to permit the Federation's head to talk on the cause of labor. Perhaps, the third or fourth largest industry in America is the automobile, and it centers in Detroit. It is unorganized and its masters want to keep it so. One of the most effective means by which Detroit may be kept a scab town is to withhold the message of organized labor from the workers; hence the Employers' Association turned thumbs down on Green. Ingersoll once said that "To establish a school house was to erect a fortress, and to teach the alphabet was to inaugurate a revolution." Of the force and value of this social fact, the economic despots of America too well know. Hence they seek to retain absolute control over the minds and bodies of their industrial slaves by suppressing freedom of speech on economic questions.

Eugene V. Debs

As we go to press the news reaches us that Eugene V. Debs is dead. The passing of this "Grand Old Man" of labor robs the world of its one outstanding figure in our generation whose life and deeds were much akin to that of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

It was our great privilege to have known Gene Debs; and like all those who came in contact with his lovely personality, his ready wit, his mellowed eloquence, his keen intellect, superb courage and loyalty, we learned to love him with undying love. In his death labor has lost its most fearless champion; the oppressed of all lands their most eloquent pleader, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters a stalwart supporter, and the Negro race its most faithful friend. Our heads are bowed in grief. We will have more to say in our next issue.

The Brave Editors

Every Negro with any red blood in his veins and manhood in his body, should feel proud of those stalwart and fearless editors, I. Willis Cole and William Worley, who dared to speak their minds in the Ku Klux ridden South, on relations of race. They are being barbarously persecuted on account of their manly and courageous stand.

They deserve and merit the unqualified support of every freedom-loving soul, white and black, especially black. Negroes are so sadly overrun with journalists who have a wish bone where a back bone ought to be that they ought to cry out with a song of joy in the morning when men of spirit and guts step forward to face the hateful and hellish music of hatred and oppression for a principle. Their worth is immeasurable. They are far more valuable than silver or gold. It is they whose labors, privations and sufferings "keep the jewels of liberty in the family of nations."

But they should not be permitted to suffer longer than they already have. Their fight is the fight of the entire Negro race and the race should back it with money, which counts.

The Garland Fund

There has been some newspaper publicity given the giving of contributions by the Garland Fund to some Negro organizations. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the National Urban League and the Brotherhood have been mentioned as having received some support. The Brotherhood has publicly requested support in its fight for economic justice and has received same to some extent.

The fact that such support was given is a matter of public record, published and broadcast in the report of the Fund. It might be pertinent to observe in this connection that the purpose of the Fund is to aid unpopular causes. That fact was not concealed and hence its publication ought not to be construed as a revelation. The general fight for justice for the Negro is an unpopular fight and hence the organizations mentioned and the MESSENGER would logically and legitimately come within that category. The Brotherhood and the MESSENGER will appreciate any aid from any other groups who can fully subscribe to our programme.

A Federal Law Against Lynching

A few weeks ago four Negroes were lynched. Apparently this national disgrace is still with us. It ought to be obvious to all intelligent Negroes that a Federal law against lynching is still needed. Of course it will not forthwith stop lynching any more than has the Fifteenth Amendment enabled the Negro to vote in the South. But no sane Negro, because of the fact, would advocate the abolition of the Fifteenth Amendment.

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By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Monthly Award

With tremendous flapping of royal banners and imperial standards, loud fanfare of trumpets and bugles, and prolonged ruffling of kettle drums, the procession marches this month to the humble abode of that great journal of uplift, education and morality, The Inter-State Tattler. The Major General reins in his gaily caparisoned Arabian steed, lifts one white-gloved hand, and the gay column clatters to a halt and presents arms. Signalling to six little black pages in purple tunics who are bearing upon a crimson dais the beautiful cutglass thunder mug, the General mounts the staircase and proceeds majestically to the desk of M. Benny Butler. That erudite and justly famous dramatic critic and *bon vivant* glances up with surprise and pleasure, and with a broad smile awaits the presentation ceremonies. Clearing his throat, with the aid of the contents of a silver hip flask, the General indicates the valuable monthly award with a sweep of his arm and announces in appropriate language that the highly esteemed prize is being given for the following contribution to the mirth of the nation published by the Hon. Senor Butler in the renowned Tattler, issue of September 10th, 1926:

"What I am most concerned about at this time is my own reputation, *which all these years I have kept unsullied.*"

Having completed this epochal mission, the delegation returns to the street, the procession is dismissed in true military style, and all repair to the nearest "blind pig" where liquid refreshments are quaffed amid gales of Gargantuan laughter.

The Song of the Nap

Oh ye who sneer at science
And the marvels it doth map;
Now did ye ever ponder
Its service to the nap?

Of how some brainy people
Worked hard from dawn 'til night,
And wrought the modern wonder
Of making "bad" hair "right."

Now young and old together
Sit down in barber's chair,
And bear with noble courage
The frying of the hair.

Chorus

Tar, tallow and lye,
Heated comb and soap;
All that lively Negro hair
May look like frozen rope.

Heat, fry and pull,
Burn, grease and wrap;
Once or twice in every week
Oh, that is the song of the nap.

Aframerican Fables No. 9

Dr. Reginald Krossbhones, short, stocky, smooth shaven, reddish brown and thirty-two, toyed with his fountain pen and gazed disconsolately out of his wide office window. Things, as he kept repeating over and over, were tough. An unprecedented wave of good health was sweeping over the Aframerican ghetto. What little sickness there was, afforded only a very few cases to each of the numerous Negro physicians whose shingles blossomed forth on the Darktown Broadway. There was too much of this damn free treatment being given at the clinics, he muttered fiercely to himself. Why it was all a poor struggling physician could do to make a living! How he longed for the good old days of the influenza epidemic when he hauled in bales of currency right and left! Alas! the luxuries to which he and his wife became accustomed in those days of happy memory had now become necessities . . . And then business had to fall off! His brow corrugated into a dozen folds as the thought shot through his brain.

How in the world was he going to keep up the payments on his car and the mortgage on his apartment house? How would he be able to give a "blow-out" as gorgeous as that recently "thrown" by Gholston, the "Numbers" King? Social demands were exacting in "Nigger Heaven" and he would lose caste if he failed to waste as much as the other people in the charmed circle of which he was a prominent member by virtue of his profession. His wife, too—a Negro by courtesy—would brook no tampering with her social position. As he thought of that imperious lady he glanced lovingly at her large photograph adorning his desk. How beautiful! he thought—no one would take her for a Negro!

But the look of pleasure fled from his face as he suddenly thought of the ermine coat he had promised her for the fast-approaching winter. She would certainly be furious if she didn't get it. But as short of funds as he was at the present time, how could he buy it? Why he wasn't even able to buy one from the "hot stuff" man, let alone purchasing it legitimately. Again he allowed that times were tough; only three minor office calls so far during the week, and now it was Friday. What was the matter with these darkies? Didn't they ever get sick anymore? Thus he sat, muttering and musing; lamenting the unusual healthfulness prevailing (temporarily, he hoped), and silently praying for a call.

Precisely at this moment his office door was violently opened and a nervous and distraught lady entered the neat room. Obviously she was a woman of wealth and prominence. Her attire displayed the workmanship of the smart Fifth Avenue shops. Her physique was faultless and her color and features were Nordic; thus also faultless from an Aframerican viewpoint. He recognized her immediately as the wife of Rev. Shout, a very portly, sable and fashionable clergyman of the community.

Dropping heavily into the proferred chair, Mrs. Shout informed the now beaming physician of her plight. It was a short story and a familiar one: something about an impending increase in the Negro population, a notorious local sheik, her husband's awareness of his crown of cuckoldry, dire consequences, etc., etc. Thus something must be done immediately. Would dear Dr. Krossbhones help her out of her predicament? Two hundred, three hundred, or even five hundred, she insisted, would not be too much to pay for his services.

The physician pursed his lips and thought long and deep while the worried lady anxiously studied his face, clasping and unclasping her hands. Stiffened by sudden resolution and with the fire of professional ethics and respect for law burning in his eyes, he looked up and said, "No! I cannot perform a criminal operation, Mrs. Shout. It would be against my professional ethics as well as contrary to the laws of the state. Of course, I would like to help you out of your predicament, Madam, but I must uphold the honor of my profession and consider my reputation. That, Mrs. Shout, is more important to me than all the money in the world!" . . .

Applicants for membership in the Ananias Club will please form on the left!

Successful "Marriages"

The wide belief that enduring marriages are necessarily successful ones appears to be as popular as the illusion that the United States is a democracy or that most college graduates are educated. As a matter of fact the long endurance of a marriage merely proves that the high contracting parties have reached the conclusion that it is better to bear the ills of the present situation than to flee, via the divorce court, to others they fear might be worse; that it may be better to braise in the frying pan than to burn in the fire. Such a conclusion no more connotes satisfaction with the existing condition than the decision of a murderer to plead guilty and get life sentence to stall off the death penalty connotes satisfaction with perpetual imprisonment. It merely signifies resignation. And if resignation signifies success, then the Georgia peon is a successful citizen.

Such marriages have long since re-

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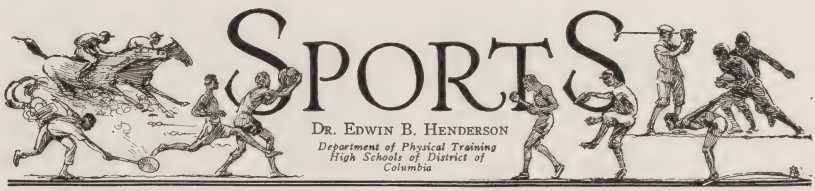


DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON
Department of Physical Training
High Schools of District of Columbia

The Gridiron

Our boys are playing football. At this writing the usual alibis are in force. The college was forced to graduate some men who might have been good players for several years more. All the other stars have infantile paralysis or are on crutches during class periods but secretly at practice in the afternoon. But by November they will all be around. The alumni want winners. Some teachers and alumni see in the game a great developing field for young men. They see in it a splendid opportunity to train men for big competitive games of life. To most followers, however, it is but as a good horse race. Victory counts. Everything else is dross. The coaches want to turn out the best team for the material they have. They want the game kept as an educational asset. They are a splendid set of men and most of them keep the game clean.

Falling Champions

It has been a good thing for sport to have the foreign athletes knock over a few of our cocky birds. Big Bill Tilden and our top liners fell before the sparkling French players in whose country the game was born. Ederle made a record swim but a German and then a Frenchman made a better one. Nurmi, Ritola and a young German have beaten our records in distance running. Hoff outleaps us in the pole vault and Hubbard, a semi-American from the Nordic point of view out-jumps them all.

Mr. Pyle, the successful promoter of professional athletics is doing much to lift the cover off another cesspool of hypocrisy. For many years amateur athletes and athletics have been used to enrich the coffers of clubs, colleges and individual managers. A popular tennis tournament has not alone paid fabulous expense bills but has financed other club enterprises. An amateur Swede goes about the country with a manager, who after estimating the size of the paying crowd, makes a $500 to $1,000 demand for the performance of his amateur star. He got away with it in spite of one or two exposures of the system. Big tennis players, swimmers, track stars, and others who have no visible means of support yet live lordly and retire with no mean earned increment. Pyle persuaded Grange to cast away his iron ice tongs for golden ones, and the poor college lad has frozen on to many thousands of dollars regardless of the cry of the pharisees against professionalism of football. Now Suzanne, the homely bounding tennis racketeer of fair France is induced by Pyle to come to the land of Croesus and Bull. By pretty hats, silken hose, and smart costumes she will draw her crowds past the squeaking turn-stiles at a cost of from one to ten bucks each. Along with Suzanne goes Richards, Miss Browne, and several others whose art entertains the soul of people as perfectly as rhapsodies or jazz do the emotional spirits, and people will pay ducats to them as they do to McCormack, Kreisler or Rubinoff. Let's hope the great animal public will want more "color" in their crave for thrills and demand some of our dusky performers to contend with their Goliaths in tournaments.

The Dempsey Fiasco

The big fight is over. The handsome blonde Marine jabbed and slashed on to victory via the point route over the half-Indian, half-Irish Jack Dempsey and won the American white championship. But until Time lays low Wills, Tate, and perhaps others the smiling Gene can never be more than a white hope. As a fight it was a farce. But it was typically American. After weeks of cramming with silly false publicity the gullible corn and milk fed public paid a million to enrich a host of sophisticated grafters and saw a third rate battle. Southern delegates are further appeased in the event of Al Smith's nomination because he and Tex Rickard hoodwinked the "fool-all-the-time-sometime" public and kept a white man champion. This does not sit well on the real sport loving public. The least said about the mechanics of the fight the better. Any country bumpkin boxer could have defeated a man whose arms paralyzed with worry and fear over law suits, loss of money and friends was unable to ward off a hundred blows tatooing on his defenseless face. We wonder what Gene got for keeping his mauler off Jack's cinema-made proboscis. Anyway the Marines are satisfied, so what else counts.

THE FIGHTING GAME—PAST AND PRESENT

Men must love and men must fight. Loving and all of its aspects spring from the deep seated sex instinct. Fighting is an age old means in the struggle for self-preservation. Upon these two pegs most of life is hung. And although we may never have been strong lovers or fighters, ourselves, yet the imbedded memories in our living tells of some great love of a distant ancestor or the fighting proclivities of some race of progenitors transmitted down the line in the germ of life stir us to an appreciation when these dormant potentialities are stimulated upon sensing a good fight or great love either actually or imaginatively. No matter how repressive our training or environment has been, or how thick the veneer of civilization, if the blood runs red we thrill with a good fight or love. Gentle souls may get it sugar-coated out of the pages of books and call it stirring literature, others relish a battle of ballots, some forensic display and debate, and some a race, a game or a prize fight.

The more nearly human we remain, the better we like feats of brawn. Even those good souls who deplore and detest modern gladiatorial contests get no spiritual despondency or nauseating distaste in reading the bruising bloody feats of King Arthur's knights on the jousting field, or the sanguinous deeds of popular heroes of war butchering their fellow men for preservation, intolerant racial traditions, or principles of economic barter. It is the fight instinct that made possible our escape from the lairs of the jungle. It is no inheritance of one group or race. We can all fight something or some body. Prof. Neval Thomas has said that too many of our group who say they can't wage organized fight against a common enemy through the N. A. A. C. P. or other agencies, can fight, but the opponent must be another Negro and the cause nothing and all, and you will see a fight in lodge room, club, church or society.

The hand is the primal fighting weapon of man. Greeks and Romans added to it the cestus, a heavy metal covering of the knuckles. This instrument of the ancient sporting world was found first at Herculaneum at the foot of Vesuvius near Naples, used in the famous stadium near destroyed Pompeii. Among these ancient prize-fighters was Polydeuces, better known as Pollux, a brother

to Helen of Troy. The name of Pollux and his twin brother, Castor, are inseparably connected with the practice of boxing and public games in the history of Greece and Rome. In mythology Apollo besides his skill with the bow, was a good god with his fists; and several sons of Zeus by mortal mothers were excellent bruisers. Neptune was father of one Anycus, King of Bebrycians, and progenitor of a race of fighting men. This worthy was accustomed as it seems, to challenge strangers who visited his domains to put the gloves (the cestus) on with him, and no one appears to have escaped death at his hands until Pollux landing with the Argonauts, took up the challenge and paid off the tyrant in his own coin. In many countries the funeral of great men brought forth athletic events; among which boxing in some form was one.

Homer recites the catalog of sports at the funeral of Patroclus, and places boxing second on the list, immediately after the horse racing and before the wrestling. The Greek and Roman writers described in their literature many boxing contests and give evidence to show that the philosophy of the fighting game was essentially the same as today.

In France and in parts of India and China the practice of "sarote" fighting with feet and hands developed. The old fashioned fairs held at market towns and on village greens were replete with boxing and wrestling. It was, however, only after the age of the lance and cudgel had died with the Plantagenets, after the era of bows and arquebuses had been driven out with the Yorkists and Lancastrians, when the long sword of the Tudors had been supplanted by the short swords of the Spanish and French schools, and when the latter had gone out with the last descendants of the Stuart kings that prize fights made headway in England.

In 1719 James Figg of England, an excellent broad swordsman, studied the use of the cestus and attempted to improve upon its use doing away with the brutal part. In 1734 he established a school for boxing in London and here begins our modern boxing and prize fighting. At first with bare knuckles and then with light gloves and hands padded with tape. From unlimited bouts with fighters dropping in many contests from exhaustion to limited bouts of from ten to fifteen rounds. Several states in America have created Boxing Commissions. There should be a national commission empowered to force champions to defend their title twice a year to get rid of stalling fighters of the Dempsey type. Fabulous guarantees and exorbitant admissions should be eliminated.

After Figg passed England a host of fighters appeared and one, Tom Cribb held the championship; here enter the black fighters. Thomas Molineaux, a native of Georgetown, D. C., reared in Virginia, a relative of Judge E. Molineaux Hewlett of Washington, D. C., and acclaimed to be the first physical director of Harvard University of Cambridge, took boat for England to try his hand at the fighting game. He arrived there in 1809 and began fighting. His first fight was with an anonymous Bristol man whom he beat. He then took on Tom Blake and Bill Richmond, a colored man, and won. His biggest battle was with the champion Tom Cribb at Copthall Common, in the neighborhood of East Grumstead, Sussex, England, on December 18, 1810. Cribb stood five feet ten and one-half inches, and weighed 171 pounds. Molineaux was five feet, eight and one-fourth inches, and weighed 170 pounds. Royalty in large numbers attended. At the end of the 33rd round both men were fighting and exhausted. Molineaux gave up. Cribb retired from the ring but Molineaux kept fighting. But like Jefferies Cribb came forth again to prevent a colored man from becoming champion of England and fought and decisively defeated Molineaux at Thistleton Gap Leicestershire, England, in 1811. Molineaux toured England as a fighter and actor but amidst the pleasure afforded a fistic hero and a life of fighting, he fell prey to illness and died in 1815.

Out of Auckhold's town, now Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., August 15th, 1763, Bill Richmond was born. Taken to England by Gen. Earl Percy and apprenticed as a cabinet maker, he then became a valet to Lord Camelford, a sporting nobleman, who had Richmond to take up fighting. Bill was five feet, nine inches high and weighed 168. He defeated many good men but lost to the champion, Tom Cribb. Richmond's rooms in Whitcomb street, Haymarket, were highly patronized by nobility and gentry. Lord Byron referred to his in his lordship's "Life and Journals" edited by Thomas Moore. He was never lost in the society of the day. Richmond died December 28, 1829, in the Horseshoe Tavern, Haymarket, London, at the age of 66.

England was the big country for the ring artists of the race in the early part of the 19th century. Besides Molineaux and Richmond, Bob Travers, born in 1831, weighing 140 pounds, invaded the Islands and lost but few battles in a meteoric career. His big fight was with Jem Mace which went 46 rounds and he lost only from exhaustion. Bob Smith and Sambo Sutton had notable ring lives in England. Two prominent men of note were George Godfrey, born in Boston, Massachusetts, March 20, 1853, and Professor Charles Hadley, of Bridgeport, Conn. Godfrey weighed 170 and pushed the stadiometer to five feet ten inches. He became champion colored heavyweight in America. Once he was matched with John L. Sullivan but it fell through. He lost a $2,000 purse to Peter Jackson at the California Athletic Club, in 19 rounds in San Francisco. Hadley fought around the year 1882 and won the Police Gazette colored championship. He was a fighting champion at 168 and retired undefeated by any colored challenger.

Still in the memory of this generation are the heralded feats of the Australian, Peter Jackson. Born in the West Indies in 1861, he spent most of his life in Australia. Standing six feet, one and one-half inches and weighing 205 pounds, he was a remarkable boxer. He won fifteen battles in Australia and set out for new worlds to conquer. In America he knocked out Jack McAuliffe in 24 rounds, and Jack Cardiff in six rounds. After a tour of America he went to England and fought Jem Smith and won. His great battle with Corbett of 61 rounds to a draw will be remembered.

Among the great fighters of the day past were Massa Kendrick, Bob Smith, George Taylor, Mervine Johnson, C. A. C. Smith, Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler; Billy Dobbs, Jack Blackburn and James McHenry Johnson.

The first native born champion of America was Tom Hyer who fought Yankee Sullivan for the championship and $10,000 at Still Pond Creek, Maryland, June 10th, 1849, and won in 16 rounds. Of the Negroes who topped the heavyweight division, Jack Johnson alone reached the championship. Molineaux had his chance and failed. Richmond failed. Peter Jackson fought a 61 round draw with Jim Corbett in 1891. The Irish John L. Sullivan, like his present copy, Jack, refused to meet a colored man. Jack Johnson would not let Sam Langford get a chance at the title. The best Sam got was the championship of Mexico, which Johnson recently won only to be toppled over by Tiger Flower's partner, Bob Lawson. Harry Wills is on the brink of retirement.

For a long time the fight game attracted only the heavier men and the fighters ranged between 140 and 220 pounds. Later weight classification established classes of champions. The Negro fighters have been formidable in all. Lately Filipinos have demonstrated wonderful adeptness in the bantam and fly-weight divisions. Boxing in the Orient was practically unknown until early in the 20th century when in 1909, Eddie Duhart, a mess boy in the navy, stopped off and taught boxing to the natives. From this bunch of fearless little brown men came Battling Sanchez, Francisco Flores, Dencio, Deltram and Pancho Villa. These boys are fast but they seem unable to stand the wear and tear of many ring battles and several have died in the midst of their fighting lives. Speaking of bantams, how many recall little chocolate-colored George Dixon, known for his gentlemanly qualities in and out

of the ring and as stalwart a battler as white man ever met.

Wherever reminiscences concerning the pugilistic game are exchanged, the old master, Joe Gans of Baltimore, is mentioned in terms of highest respect. In the lightweight division have been many scintillating champions but none brighter than Gans. Recently Benny Leonard, the greatest in the game today, stopped off from the Keith's circuit to visit a corner of a Negro burying ground on the outskirts of Baltimore to lay a wreath on the grave of, in Benny's terms, the greatest lightweight that ever lived. Rex Beach's stirring story of Gans' fighting Herman under a blazing sun in Tonopah beggars description. Continually making the weight of his class and fighting men who were real fighters, so weakened Gans that after his battle with Nelson, who insisted on Gans making ringside weight, he never recovered strength and passed west forever. Andy Bowen, a mulatto, and there were few mulattoes who arrived high in the game, of New Orleans, was one of the best lightweights in the country. He defeated Joe Felden of England, in 22 rounds for $2,500 in January, 1893. This famous fight of 110 rounds, seven hours and nineteen minutes, was fought with Jack Burke at New Orleans, April 6, 1893. It was called a no-contest when neither fighter could continue. On December 14, 1894, Bowen lost to Kid Lavigne in 18 rounds and died the following day.

Tiger Flowers, the colorful middleweight champion of today, is a popular one. Carrying with him his colored wife and child, chanting a hymn or reading a prayer satisfies fundamental southland. In addition he does not stall. He fights often and fights when in the squared circle. Unlike Gans, Dixon and Johnson, the Tiger is not nearly so impressive as were the middleweights of by-gone days, Stanley Ketchel who met his end like Battling Siki, Billy Papke or Kid McCoy.

In the welterweight division the king of them all was Joe Walcott of Barbadoes. Joe was a fighting demon. Short and squatty, measuring just five feet one inch, no neck, with a chin sunk between two enormous deltoids, Walcott was an intensely exasperating problem for any ambitious boxer to solve. Hard of head, many a fist cracked thereon. He weighed for battle only 142, but he was virtually a giant killer. Only once his manager, O'Rourke, made the mistake of reducing him to the lightweight limit of 135 pounds in those days, and he was so weakened that Kid Lavigne earned a decision. Walcott put away such middleweights as Dick O'Brien, Dan Creedon, Jimmy Ryan and touched high water mark when he K. O.'d Joe Choynski in seven rounds, and George Gardner in twenty, in 1901. The nearest approach to Walcott was Sam Langford, who was modelled after a square block of wood but was five inches taller than Joe. Sam was pounds heavier than Joe but in battle with him could do no better than a ten round draw in Manchester, N. H.

It is the writer's opinion that Jack Johnson and John L. Sullivan and Jeffries were the greatest fighters that lived in the heavy class. Jack was an ideal fighting machine. His weight was from hips up; he was shifty on his feet; his temperament and his ability to fathom his opponent's attack, kid the crowd and kid his enemy made him a popular fighter but his attempt to live the life of sporting gentlemen of the white race in these United States was too much for public sentiment. Like Fred Douglass he married a white woman and he also knocked out a white champion, both of which acts are rights of free Americans, but Jack was hounded by officials until imprisoned and then they could not kill his spirit. What Jack did when he gave up to the big butter and egg man, Willard, nobody knows. It may have been he fought on the morning after the night before, but Willard should not have beaten Jack in any ring. Jeffries essayed the saviour of the white race stunt as Cribb did in England but unlike his Nordic predecessor, Jack jabbed and joked Jeffries before a semi-hostile crowd until Jeff was incoherent of speech and dull of vision.

As we write this real sporting men in America must be disgusted with the celluloid film champion and the attitude of Tex Rickard that tells the world the dark hand of fear prevents the match which will unfasten Dempsey's hand from the clutch on the money bags of a gullible public. But the class of patriotic Americans who in histories, pride themselves on beating a tenth-rate Spain miles from home, an England who had a pack of continental war dogs at her throat, a South devoid of navy and men and resources, and an Entente which had been fought to a standstill by the Allies, doesn't care whom they fight and how they win just so they win. Dempsey is afraid of Wills. White men of the right sort will fight and enjoy a scrap, be they Frenchmen, German, English or Jews, but so do Negroes and Japanese. No race has a corner on courage or fighting ability. All races come from the same evolutionary stock. They inherit tendencies and environment will do the rest.

Colored boys and men take naturally to the fighting game. Inter-racial sports as do other contacts, make for tolerance. The crowd often in spite of itself, cheers a Negro boxer for cleverness or gameness even though the racial pack-cry for a killing will occasionally assert itself. There may be little racial fights after a championship battle between a white and colored man, but arguments over the merits of battlers or contestants in any field of activity may lead to physical encounter. Election riots do not lead to abolition of elections. By entering all fields of physical activity as well as competitions in the arts and sciences, industry, etc., we prove possession of all the capabilities of other races. Chick Suggs, Danny Edwards, Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey and many others are doing a share in making America a better place.

Short fights, classified weights, better judging systems, are making the game more scientific, less brutal, more enjoyable. To critics of the game, I advise tolerance in attitude, especially you literature lovers whose Shakespeare and Homer and Tennyson have been but a record of loves and fights. The abolition of fighting films, and many other statutes have been brought about to prevent a public's mind from being too favorably impressed with the humanism of the Negro race. We must remember that although fighting is rough and occasionally fatal that life cannot be thought of alone in terms of saving of suffering or injury to body, for if this were so, then child birth as well as some of the finest sacrifices of health made by man would be unworthy. The hero of the prize ring is no less a hero than his brother strutting his part on the bloody field of war.

Drifting

O listless days—how soon thy flight
To that calm sea—as yet unknown—
Where weighted ship—and barge—and float—
Are stranded—tideless—and alone.

But here we list—our crafts of life
Sometimes belaboring stressful typhoons—
With rolling surf—and mighty surge
That tide us on—and ever on . . .

On—and on—into the vast unknown
To anchor—somewhere—safe our sail!
God grant we reach the harbor fair
Unwrecked by storm or by gale.

L'Envoy

Life for us each is a ship of sails
The earth but a grounded foam;
The breakers we fear out just beyond
Hide a harbor where ships find home.

Wm. J. Romes.

Remember Not to Forget the Big Affair on December 3rd at Manhattan Casino, N. Y. City.

SELDOM SEEN

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Seldom Seen had the blues. A woman, as is frequently the case, was the cause of it all. Not exactly a woman either; she was only eighteen, yet there was more than a suggestion of maturity in the gentle curves of her splendid body. As he sat there on the levee at Baton Rouge, gazing down vacantly through a fringe of shrubbery into the swirling yellow waters of the broad Mississippi, he pondered. Why wouldn't she marry him? Why, considering the fact that he was so prosperous, had she twice refused him? His exceedingly smooth dark countenance took on a more determined expression and his narrow, sloping forehead corrugated into a fierce succession of wrinkles as he attempted to analyze the feminine mind. It was, he willingly admitted (as most men do), a tough problem.

From across the river the little gray ferry boat was being warped into the landing at Port Allen, and just below the steep opening in the levee that enabled traffic to reach the dock, a stream of vehicles and a knot of passengers were waiting to get aboard the vessel. Hanging at what appeared to be a precariously short distance above their heads was the bloody evening sun. A great disc of burnished copper, it was sinking slowly and majestically from the azure heavens into the green oaks that ruffled the horizon. Its vanishing red stained the neighboring clouds and streaked across the swirling bosom of the great river. On the east bank, Baton Rouge, that neat, modern little city, sat snugly on its low hills, the rows of windows in its tall buildings reflecting the vanishing rays of the sun.

But Seldom Seen was oblivious of Nature's charms that evening. (Her *inorganic* charms, of course). Not that he didn't love Nature and marvel at her diverse wonders. He did. He loved to watch the sun rise over the pine trees in the early morning, dispelling with its hot breath the wraith of gray mist that hung low over the soggy swamps; loved to float leisurely down the river in a small boat, gazing at the huge trees that peered curiously over the green levees; loved to sit on the landing at Vidalia on a dark night and see the twinkle of the lights of Natchez atop its tree-crowned bluff; loved to approach Vicksburg on a sunny day by way of the river and look at the tiers of buildings clothing its verdant heights that rose so precipitously from the water's edge. He loved this whole fecund river valley from Memphis to New Orleans; this empire of sunshine and fluffy cotton where black men toiled, laughed, loved and died under the watchful eyes of the whites. But tonight his mind was not on the beauties and wonders of the Mississippi Valley. He was thinking of Marie Arceneaux.

Her refusal to be his bride had suffused his slender six-foot frame with despondency. The two had never been intimate in the contemporary sense of the word. He was keeping company with Marie, but she was not his "friend." He had called on her several times, taken her motoring, escorted her to the weekly dances in the big roof garden atop the Odd Fellows' Temple, and had even received two or three grudging little kisses. The affair had gone no further; but the kisses went to his head. That there was little ardour behind these kisses, he failed to note; he was only aware of the tremendous thrill the osculatory experience afforded him.

For him, erstwhile plantation peon, itinerant crap shooter and citizen of the underworld, to be kissed by the aristocratic Marie Arceneaux! Certainly it made one's heart quicken and temperature soar. Here he was, black and without formal education, living by his wits; while she was the color of old ivory, possessed a plump and perfect figure bursting with vitality, soft brown eyes that made his head swim, thin coral-pink lips, dimpled cheeks that flushed so readily, a determined and dimpled little chin, an audacious little nose whose narrow pink nostrils distended sensitively at times, a profusion of wavy brown hair that fell to her waist when undone—and she was a school teacher. Beauty and intelligence in the same place. It seemed incredible. After the third kiss he fell to his knees and proposed marriage. The proposal was received with a rather loud and derisive laugh.

When he mentioned the subject a second time, she had slangily replied, "Oh, Phil, be yourself!" As if he wasn't being himself! Ever since, he had worn a thick mantle of the blues. He felt that he was a big fool to have ever thought a girl like Marie would marry him. She was educated (or at least she had graduated from a Catholic seminary), she spoke French and English with equal facility (not a rare accomplishment among creoles), and she looked like a white girl. Indeed, she looked so much like a white girl that Seldom Seen was a little scared to go around with her at first. Had he been a doctor, school teacher, undertaker, or even a minister, he thought he might have had a chance to win her. If he owned some legitimate and profitable business, he felt sure she would say "Yes." But girls like Marie did not marry gamblers.

Seldom Seen's real name was Phil Jameson. The nickname was earned because of his frequent and mysterious disappearances from town. From these trips he invariably returned with well filled pockets, a well fed appearance and, as usual, exceedingly well dressed. Very few knew the details of his business (if it can be called a business—and why not?) but it was rumored that he was "nigger rich," i. e., worth several thousand dollars. This wealth had been accumulated on those frequent journeys to different parts of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas. Wherever he went, whether to pool rooms and gambling places in the cities or to lumber camps and plantations in the country, he was sure of finding simple fellows with more courage than caution who would readily "fade" him while he tossed the spotted cubes. Despite his reticence on the subject and his efforts to appear merely dumb and lucky, it was well known among the gambling fraternity in Baton Rouge that Seldom Seen was a wizzard with the dice. He had to leave town in order to win any money because the gamblers around Baton Rouge wouldn't think of "fading" him.

A month before, and a fortnight prior to his meeting Marie, he had made a flying trip to Alexandria, Monroe, Shreveport and Texarkana. Fortune had cast a golden horseshoe after him. He had returned with two thousand dollars, several new suits of clothes and a diamond ring; and he purchased a low rakish blue roadster that ate up miles and gasoline with amazing celerity. When he would drive up to the pool room about eleven in the morning, immaculate in his panama hat, sport shoes and tropical worsteds, and nod to his friends and acquaintances as he purchased a cigar, a murmur of admiration would arise in the assembled crowd of loiterers.

"'At nigguh sho is lucky," one would exclaim; while another would say, "Ole Seldom sho is gettin' fixed right, aint he, boy?"

These things pleased Seldom Seen immensely for he was almost as vain as a politician.

It was while leisurely cruising down the street in his car on the afternoon of the day of his last return that he met Marie. "Bull Dog" Claney introduced them.

Mr. Claney had earned his ferocious sobriquet, not because of his fighting propensities but because of his lowering countenance, dirty yellow color, fat and pendant jowls, immense bulk, the downward curve of the corners of his mouth, and his bowed legs, were strikingly suggestive of the militant canines from the shores of the British Isles. "Bull Dog" was the proprietor of the largest and most popular colored barber shop in Baton

Rouge. In addition to this, he was also trustee of the largest colored Baptist church and did the largest business of any bootlegger in the city. Consequently he was on friendly terms with all strata of Negro society in the community. He shaved the most prominent Negro men, bobbed the locks of their daughters and wives, straightened the wool and massaged the faces of all the local sheiks, was an unusually active church worker, and successfully catered to a large clientele among those not reconciled to the Eighteenth Amendment. (This latter group, it was said, constituted most of the people in town).

Several long rides in the blue roadster with the beautiful blue-veined Marie snuggled up in the seat beside him, had followed Seldom's introduction to the creole school teacher. The two were seen together at picnics, dances and even at church, although Seldom Seen was no Catholic. He had wondered how long this delightful dream would last while the girl had wondered what sort of work he did and how much money he really had. Indeed, her curiosity became so great that she once asked him what he did for a living. His reply had been vague and evasive. This had caused Marie to grow quite thoughtful.

You see, Marie valued her social position and had to safeguard her future. She had been very carefully reared and for the last six or seven years had known only the seclusion of a Catholic seminary (a fact which doubtless assured her virginity and enhanced her marriageable value) Her parents had always laid great emphasis on color as well as social position. Indeed, it often seemed to Marie that they thought far more of the former than the latter. They not infrequently boasted of their descent from the French founders of Louisiana (they never dwelt on the legitimacy of it) and they only associated with dark-skinned people when it was unavoidable. Marie strange to say, did not share their aversion to black and brown skins. On the contrary she seemed drawn to them, especially when the possessors of them were men. She did, however, think a great deal of social position. A girl of her standing, she felt, could hardly afford to associate with other than the best people. That meant the business and professional folk. It was perfectly all right to live off the rabble but one must never associate with them. Thus she was considerably agitated the day before the gambler's second proposal when her Aunt Alice burst into the house and breathlessly informed her that "They say your friend Mr. Jameson is nothing but a common gambler. Why, I thought he was a lawyer, or something. You must drop him at once. You hear? At once!" Which explains why Seldom Seen's proposal met with a flat refusal that evening.

As the sun sank behind the distant oaks in a blaze of crimson glory and the soft gray twilight settled over the Mississippi, Seldom Seen rose. He yawned and stretched lazily. Walking across the railroad tracks, he sauntered over to the "Colored" waiting room of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad station and got a drink of ice water. Having slaked his thirst with that exceedingly unpopular American beverage, he strolled out to the street. Stepping into his roadster with a nod to some chauffeur-acquaintances, he sped up the hill past the state capitol.

He paid no attention this evening to the restful beauty of the medieval castle clothed in vines, sitting regally amidst its acres of giant trees, neat hedges, fountains, statues and closely cropped lawns, the whole surrounded by an ornamental iron fence. This evening his mind was tormented. The roadster flew over the smooth pavement. He drove aimlessly. He had the blues.

"Bull Dog, where 'n hell's the stuff?" The bass voice of Archibald Mouton, the Mayor, boomed over the wire. Mr. Claney's terpidation was quite evident and understandable. His hands trembled and his voice was slightly off key.

"Why, Mist' Mouton, th' nigguh Ah sent to N'Awl'ns aft' that stuff ain' nevuh come back heah. Ah bin lookin' fo' him all day. Mos' worried to deaf. Doan know wha' at nigguh is. Ah'll try and git that stuff to yuh 'fore yo' dinnah tomorro." Of course, "Bull Dog" was at present unaware of the ways and means of getting "it," but he must say something to appease this white man.

"We-el, yuh bettah not disappoint us, Bull Dog," came the drawling voice of the official over the wire. "We been dependin' on you to git that stuff, an' if yuh doan git it we'll be in ah heluva jam." The Mayor rang off. "Bull Dog" was sweating profusely. Here was the Chamber of Commerce holding a Law and Order banquet for the state legislators tomorrow, and not a drop of the champagne he had been commissioned to secure, had arrived. Here was a difficulty and a danger. If this great annual banquet was a failure because of his negligence, he foresaw large clouds of trouble gathering on the horizon and threatening his lucrative business.

The morning before he had sent his trusted lieutenant, The Cricket, to New Orleans with his big touring car and two thousand dollars to get the valuable wine. The Cricket, a short, bullet-headed, shifty-eyed brown fellow, always went on these important errands for "Bull Dog." Heretofore he had always proved punctual and trustworthy. But then, The Cricket had never been trusted with so much of Claney's money before. Virtue is very often a lack of opportunity. At the precise moment when "Bull Dog" concluded his telephonic conversation with the Mayor, The Cricket, gorgeously arrayed in a complete new outfit of clothes, was buying another brace of drinks for himself and a pretty little brown girl in a "rooming house" in Memphis whence they had motored from Baton Rouge.

All day long a suspicion had with considerable ease been creeping through the skull of Mr. Claney that the absent Cricket might have "gone South" with his last two thousand dollars. It was a most uncomfortable thought. Suddenly it occurred to him that he might find out for certain by telephoning to the big wholesale bootlegger in New Orleans from whom he purchased all of his supplies—needless to say—on a cash basis. Suiting action to thought, he called "Long Distance" and in a few minutes was connected with the swarthy and opulent Sicilian who, though ostensibly a florist, carried on a lucrative wholesale liquor and wine business, making and selling his products both "imported" and domestic. "No," the Latin replied, "I not see heem since two wiks." "Bull Dog" slammed the receiver on the hook and rolled out a stream of curses that even excited the admiration of his barbers, who were used to hearing him.

The bootlegger scratched his wooly pate and surveyed his position. It was indeed, he admitted, an unenviable one. If he failed to fill this large order he would incur the enmity of the most representative white men of the city. Without their good will, he couldn't hope to ply his illegal trade very long. Thus his main source of revenue would disappear. The barber shop just paid him enough to support his family and make his usual contributions to the church. It left nothing for the maintenance of the slender black girl with satiny skin and arched eyebrows who claimed the better part of his leisure hours. On the other hand, his recent expenditures had been very great. Five hundred dollars in graft had gone to the chief of police, seven hundred dollars had been paid for the erection of a little bungalow for his dark lady "friend," and he had had a great deal of repairing done at the shop. Consequently, the two thousand perfectly good dollars he had entrusted to the faithless Cricket was practically all the money he had. He knitted his brow at the thought and savagely chewed his unlighted cigar.

Just then he glanced up in time to see Seldom Seen, sartorially elegant, climbing out of his blue roadster. Pulling luxuriously on a fragrant panatela, that sable gentleman entered the pool room next door, the cynosure of all eyes. As "Bull Dog" watched him, a great light illuminated the interior of his cranium. Seldom Seen! Why hadn't he thought of him before? Rising with great alacrity for a gentleman of his corpulency, "Bull Dog" rushed into the pool room and buttonholed the young gambler. Here was no time for subtlety or diplomacy; no time for his usual pretense of financial stability. Briefly the bootlegger laid his case before the immaculate

fleecer of yokels. He must, emphasized "Bull Dog," have two thousand dollars and a dependable person to go after the champagne, immediately. Would Seldom Seen lend him the money? He could then borrow his friend the undertaker's hearse, and all would be well.

Seldom Seen was in no mood for money lending. Indeed, though a gambler, he had made it a policy never to borrow or lend money. Consequently he had money. However, he glanced thoughtfully at his manicured fingers for some time before replying. He did not wish to lose the friendship of the powerful "Bull Dog" because there was no telling when he might want the bootlegger to say a word to the white folks in his behalf. Still, thought Seldom Seen, two thousand dollars was a lot of money and he was reluctant to part with as much even to a dependable person like the "Bull Dog."

"Ah trusts yuh a' right," he finally began, "but what Ah get outen it? Hit aint mah fun'r'l ef you doan git th' stuff. Why should Ah ris' mah money?"

"Bull Dog" admitted to himself that the opulent gambler was talking good sense. He freely admitted it. Yet the money must be obtained. It was then that another bright idea hatched in the skull of the barber-bootlegger. He knew of the black gambler's ardent suit of the little pink skinned school teacher from Plaquemine. He knew also that Marie was not the sort to marry a gambler. She might carry on a discreet flirtation, help the gentleman spend his ill-gotten gains, and ride back and forth in his car; but she wouldn't marry him. She was looking for a business or professional man (most school teachers were). Why not offer Seldom Seen a partnership in his business? Both could, under cover of the respectable barbering business, carry on their more lucrative private affairs. He turned this idea over and over in the ample recesses of his mind, and then presented it to Seldom Seem.

That gentleman's eyes grew round with astonishment as the possibilities of the idea presented themselves to him in endless mental parade. "Hot Dog!" was his immediate response. "Boy, you sho gotta haid on yuh! It's a go!" Jumping up with haste and enthusiasm, Seldom Seen leaped into his roadster and broke the speed limit in getting to his landlady's house. He let his landlady keep his money for him. A painful experience with one of those small banks whose President had taken a permanent vacation to some obscure South American country, accompanied by the lion's share of the bank deposits, had made him wary. His landlady couldn't go anywhere. She was old and rheumatic.

In half an hour Seldom Seen was back in front of the barber shop. Ten minutes later he was speeding toward New Orleans in the borrowed hearse. Eight hours later he drove into "Bull Dog's" back yard with the precious cargo. As the bootlegger had been unable to sleep, it was unnecessary to arouse him. Indeed, when the sable gambler brought the trusty hearse to a stop, the "Bull Dog" leaped on the running board and almost embraced him. It all seemed too good to be true. Together they drove over to the Chamber of Commerce building, woke up the night watchman and put the thirty cases into the basement.

Now the Arceneaux family was not as rich as it was respectable. The little grocery store they operated just enabled them to obtain a frugal living. Times—along with other things—had changed. White merchants were becoming more considerate of black patrons and a great number of Negroes had left Iberville Parish for New Orleans, Houston or the Northern cities. But these creoles were proud and kept up appearances so well that everyone in Plaquemine was fooled, even the creditors. For the latter imagined that old Francis Arceneaux did not pay his bills with his former punctuality because his miserliness was increasing with his years. It was well for the Arceneaux famly that the creditors so thought.

Knowing conditions at home, Marie was not surprised when, the morning after Seldom Seen's nocturnal and unusual mission, a letter arrived from her mother begging her to send money for the taxes. Although her salary was only sixty dollars a month ("white" teachers received one hundred and twenty), she always managed to send her parents some money every pay day. But several days must elapse before she would again receive her fortnightly check, and she was already most out of funds. She loathed the idea of attempting to borrow the necessary money from any of the prominent Negroes she knew in Baton Rouge. It would hurt her socially. They all thought her family was rich—as indeed they once had been—and looked upon her school teaching as more of an avocation than a vocation. Marie smiled sardonically as she recalled how she was referred to as "that rich Arceneaux girl." Rich! Ha! Ha! That *was* rich. Her lips tightened to a pink seam as she thought of the struggle she was making—doing her own sewing, washing and ironing—in order to maintain her position among the best people of local Aframerica.

Thus, it was not exactly with a lightness of heart that she left school that day. As usual, she found Seldom Seen waiting in his roadster to drive her home. Several teachers were watching enviously. A few of the old spinsters, embittered by their failure to find suitable husbands among the available professional men, nodded significantly to each other. Here, they practically said, is a scandal in the brewing. Marie wondered if any of them had heard Phil was a gambler. She paled at the thought, yet, being a healthy, normal girl, she enjoyed the black fellow's attentions and the envy of the other teachers.

As usual, the gambler was impeccably attired and lolling lazily in the seat with one well shod foot thrown carelessly over the steering wheel, thus revealing an expanse of silk sock. As the little whisp of glowing pink that was Marie approached the curb, he threw the door open; smiling, polite, gracious. "He is rather nice," she thought to herself as she sank comfortably into the seat beside him, "even if he is a gambler." Of course, he had a fine car, seemed well behaved and appeared to possess lots of money, but her parents would *never* stand for a gambler in the family. A lawyer, a dentist, an undertaker, yes; but no gambler. Particularly no *black* gambler. But then, could beggars be choosers?—and she thought of the taxes due on the old Arceneaux home.

As they came abreast of the barber shop, Seldom Seen slowed down to a stop. Proudly he pointed to a large new sign over the door. The creole girl read it with mingled surprise and relief: "The New Orleans Tonsorial Parlors, Jameson and Claney, Props." "Why, Phil!" she gushed in astonishment. "You didn't tell me you were in business!"

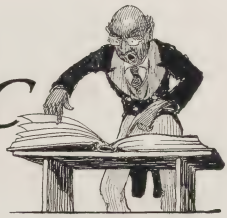
"Well, no," he replied, with magnificent nonchalance. "Mist' Claney an' I ente'd ah silen' pahtnahship 'bout ah yeah ago, but in respec' tuh his wishes I nevah made public ouah business relations. Howevah, Ah've recently acquiahed mor'n half interest, so we d'cided tuh 'nnounce th' fac' tuh th' wurl.'" He concluded grandiloquently with a little deprecatory shrug of the shoulders. At this point the corpulent and pompous "Bull Dog" emerged from the shop and approached the roadster. He hastened to corroborate the statement of Seldom Seen precisely as they had rehearsed it that morning. Marie began to see a very bright silver lining in the clouds.

Having gone thus far, Seldom Seen decided to let the little pink lady do some thinking alone before making further proposals. Accordingly he drove her to her aunt's house, and, after receiving an unusually cordial invitation to call that evening, he drove off. He was hardly out of earshot before Marie angrily sought out her aunt and upbraided her severely for accusing her dark friend of being a gambler. Instead of being a common gambler, she informed old Miss Renaud, Phil Jameson owned more than half interest in the biggest Negro business in Baton Rouge. Suppose she had lost such a "catch"? She chilled at the thought. Her aunt insisted that her information had come from the most authoritative sources, but Marie cut her off with an exceedingly vulgar monosyllabic exclama-

(*Continued on page* 347)

The Critic

Do they tell the truth



By J. A. ROGERS

The Miami Disaster

Was the destruction of hate-ridden Miami a punishment sent by God? Many pious colored folk fondly believe that it is. As in the invasion of Belgium they see the hand of a Deity avenging the white man's treatment of the Negro. As for me, I am not sufficiently in the confidences of the Almighty to say that they are wrong but in view of the fact that the storm brought not only greater misery to the Negroes in the shape of the loss of homes, increased racial oppression and the loss of more than a hundred lives, I am inclined to think that the Florida Negroes are praying that the Almighty will never intervene in their behalf again. As a sample of retribution it reminds one of the story of the man who set his tamed bear to keep away the flies while he slept. Seeing a fly on his master's nose the faithful bear seized a rock, threw it at the fly, and punished it, yes.

Many white persons also see in the event a sign of God's wrath and retribution. For them Miami with its wealth, its places of amusement, and abbreviated bathing suits typified another kind of wickedness. A few months before, the Rev. John Roach Straton of New York, like another Jonah, had gone to warn this Nineveh by the Gulf of its sins.

Still another group that will be even surer than the Negroes that the storm is God's retribution will be those who have been playing the Florida real-estate game not wisely but too well.

A few weeks before the Bahamas, the bootlegger's paradise, suffered similarly and the pious drys saw in the visitation God's vengeance for the part the islands had been playing in the violation of the Volstead law. And so on with the hurricane in Paraguay, the flood in China, the Japanese earthquake, the sinking of the Titanic, etc. Well, Providence does seem to work in a mysterious way in order to avenge some folks. Righteous William Jennings Bryan out-talked himself in his bout with Darrow during the Tennessee monkey trial, while Darrow, the infidel, is still alive and well. Had it been Darrow who died, it would have been God's punishment, but, of course, Bryan was only called home for his reward.

Some day the Negro brother is going to learn that retribution is not handed out in that manner from the sky, and that if he wants it, he must earn it, principally, by standing together and uniting his economic forces.

Caucasian Logic

The Louisville Courier-Journal in an attempt to prove that the Indian is increasing in numbers in the United States says editorially in part:

"But the Indian as a race is far from approaching extinction. On the contrary, the population is growing in numbers and increasing in culture and wealth. Charles E. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, reports that there are 350,000 Indians in the United States today. The Eskimo, the island natives of the Pacific and tribes on the older continents are reported fast disappearing, as once it was thought the North American Indians were. It may be a credit to the Indians' character, but it more probably is due to the care given them by the Government and the *facility with which they blend with other races* that they have survived the transition. The haughty Iroquois, the proud Delaware and the fierce warriors of the Western plains have lost their identity. Some have been merged into other tribes, *mixed blood has been infused.*"

Here's a parallel. In 1870 the whites in the island of Jamaica numbered about 30,000. The latest census gives 15,000, which means that the others have been absorbed by the Negroes, swelling their numbers and increasing the population of the island. Now would the Courier-Journal as in the case of the Indian, be willing to pick out, if it could, all those Jamaicans with whom the strain of those 15,000 whites has entered, and call them white?

The Indian in every part of the New World has been most shamefully treated, the United States being by no means a minor offender in this respect. No amount of self-gratulation by the Courier-Journal and by grafting officials in the Bureau of Indian Affairs can alter that fact. Of the 350,000 Indians given, perhaps less than one-fourth are of original stock. In the Northwest and in New York State, for instance, the so-called Indian is nearer white than anything else, while in Virginia, he is largely Negro and white.

The K. K. K.

Great jubilation is being expressed at the supposed fact that the Klan is dying, particularly by certain Negro journals. Well, if the power of the Klan is waning as the Washington parade and the Colorado elections seem to show, it is only a case of "The Klan is dead! Long Live the Klan!"

We have always had the Klan under one name or another with us. There were the Know Nothing Party, the American Protective Association, the Sons of Liberty, the Knights of the Golden Circle, and the old klan. If the present Klan passes you may depend that another will take its place as all good one hundred per cent Americans are going to have their United Hates of American. Come what will.

Instead of rejoicing over the decline of the Klan, Negroes ought to weep as it means that the Klan is coming back to the stage where they will be its sole victims. Remember the Klan only came to be denounced as Un-American when it attacked white people. Many of your best friends will insist that the old Klan was a very good thing, said old Klan having functioned from 1865 to the birth of the present one in 1917. Call this a defense of the Klan if you will, but if I were walking in a forest with a man who wasn't particularly fond of me, and there was a robber lurking somewhere, I'd feel better if I knew that the robber was not going to single me out for attack and that my companion knew it too.

Rubber in Africa Again

News dispatches state that a rich new source for rubber has been found in the district near East London, South Africa. It has been discovered that the African enphorbia yields a sap comparable to para rubber, and that there are some sixty million trees in the district capable of yielding about three pounds of rubber each. The dispatch adds, "Stress is laid on the fact that labor is plentiful in the East London district."

Now if you recall that British South Africa recently passed a bill prohibiting black men from doing skilled labor and if you have read "The Crime of the Congo," by Conan Doyle; "Red Rubber," by Morel, or the brutalities practiced on the Putumayo Indians in the rubber fields by Sir Roger Casement, you may write the sequel to this dispatch. How many riding comfortably in their automobiles with the rubber absorbing the shocks ever realize that a large part of that shock had already been absorbed by the bleeding backs of black men and women toiling in torrid jungles

What Is Americanism?

The FORUM recently offered prizes of five dollars each for the best definitions of the term *Americanism*, and

in the June number has carried the twelve winning ones.

Four characteristic ones are:

(1) Americanism: an idea of loyal patriotism, religious tolerance, righteous freedom, fearless courage, honest integrity, abiding faith in the commanding destiny of the United States, and a fathomless love for the principles which led our forefathers to found this commonwealth.

(2) Americanism is the uncrystallized and murmuring expression of organized America as she endeavors for her own protection to locate the roadway of her destiny among the criss-crossing by-paths of all nations.

But would not the same definition fit the national spirit of France, England, Germany, any other country? Further, the spirit of any township in which the inhabitants take pride, any college, business corporation, fraternity, or any other aggregation of individuals? There is to say the least nothing distinctive about any of the definitions.

The next two are:

(3) Americanism is the national inferiority complex of the citizens of the United States.

(4) Americanism is little Jack Horner enlightening the world.

But here again, is this not how the open-minded thinkers of every country have usually expressed themselves on the patriotic bombast of their own countrymen? Both Goethe and Nietzsche were always making similar statements regarding their countrymen, and Shakespeare had one of his characters in Hamlet poke fun at the English. Further, does not this third definition also apply to so-called race? For instance, Mencken, Bob Minor, Mike Gold and others are always ridiculing the Nordics. And so on with the other nine definitions. There is, perhaps, not one of them that with a slight change of wording here and there could not be made to fit any aggregation of men anywhere on this planet.

* * *

One of the unsuccessful definitions is given by Prof. Harry W. Ayres and is as follows:

Americanism is the sum of the emotions which I should experience if I learned my daughter proposed to marry a foreigner. I might be all wrong about it but it is what I should feel, and I should feel there was something to justify the feeling. O mores.

Of this definition the editor says: "That is far too vague for the dictionary but is there any American in whom it does not evoke as clear a concept as the everlasting reference to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?"

Clear, yes, very clear. But would you have it clearer? In place of *foreigner*, put *Negro*, and read again.

Still Another Definition

A writer in the Cleveland Times, commenting on Tunney's alleged decision to draw the so-called color-line, says:

Tunney Also Afraid

Already "Gene" Tunney has given notice, if he is correctly quoted, that when, or if, he becomes champion he will "draw the color line" very strictly. His rule will be, "No negroes need apply."

There's only one explanation of this somewhat premature proclamation. It is fear, the only motive that white pugilists ever have in refusing to fight colored boxers.

Every drawer of the "color line" would be glad to meet any colored rival in the ring, for an ordinary purse, if he knew that he could beat the dark-skinned fighter. Everybody knows that is so. But all white pugilists dread losing to men of African blood.

That is what has kept Dempsey from making a match with Harry Wills. That is what ails Tunney now. It makes championships more or less a joke where and when the color line is drawn.

Now this applies not only to prize-fighting but to every other occupation, hence another definition could be: *Americanism is fear of the black man.*

"The Funniest Book on Earth"

It is said that there are no new jokes, but I disagree with that statement. A joke, however old, preserves its freshness for those who have never heard it, hence I am going to recommend to those wishing many hours of hearty laughter William Pickens' latest book: "American Aesop, humor of the Negro, the Jew, the Irishman, and Others."—a collection of more than two hundred stories, sparkling with wit, and Pickens' inimitable style.

For instance this one:

Uncle Ned had been a Civil War veteran but for some reason had not yet received his pension and so he made his living by doing odd jobs for his white neighbors, especially by helping them at "hog killin' time." For such help they usually paid him in kind—that is, *some kind;* he received his pay in parts of the pig, such as the ears and the snout, and sometimes a piece of jowl, or maybe, the whole head.

But later Uncle Ned was absent from the hog killings and when some of the whites met him on the street well-dressed and apparently well-fed they said, "Uncle, we missed you from the good killings last week, and we had a lot of fine ears and snouts for you."

"Well, white fokes," said the old man, archly, "Uncle Ned's pension started las' month, an' he's eatin' *furder back on de hog now.*"

The book is published by the Jordan & More Press of Boston, Mass., and sells for two dollars.

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MENTION THE MESSENGER

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BLESSED ARE THE ORGANIZED

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

In the press of October 21st, 1926, it was announced that President Carry of the Pullman Company had admitted, in addressing the stockholders of the Company, that they are to receive a "melon" in addition to the usual large dividends. Pullman stock has risen to $199.50 a share and value of its railroad properties is well above the estimate of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

So! Those dear stockholders of the Pullman Company are again to be rewarded. For two years now they have been suffering untold privations. Doomed to hobo around in palatial parlor cars, exclusive clubs and steam yachts; doomed to the beggarly fare of canvasback duck, anchovies, Russian caviar, French wines and Scotch whiskeys; doomed to wear the wretched habiliments from Bond Street, Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix; cursed by grim necessity to the monotonous round of the Palm Beach, Newport, White Sulphur Springs, Deauville and Aix Le Chappelle resorts! Just think of it folks! Wotta life! Wotta life!

Now they are to suffer no longer; now they are to get something more than the miserable dividends usually granted them; now they are to get a "melon!"

Of course the Pullman stockholders have made no 11,000-mile runs at $72.50 a month; have not been forced to work three and four hours each run without pay; have not been forced to "deadhead;" have not been doubled back without rest; have not had their private affairs snooped into by Pullman Company officials; have not spent their years pushing up steel berths, brushing germs off passengers and polishing shoes with polish purchased out of their meagre pay. No, the Pullman stockholders have done none of these things but they deserve a "melon" nevertheless.

And why? Well, despite the fact that they have been doing nothing but writing checks, wearing good clothes, stopping at the best hotels and clubs; despite the fact that they have eaten only the best and lived a life of luxury and pleasure—despite all this, they deserve a "melon." They deserve it because they are intelligent enough to have a militant organization headed by competent officials working for their best interests.

The Pullman porters, however, get neither dividends nor "melons" although they furnish the only commodity the Pullman Company sells—service. Until the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters began to organize the porters, the Pullman Company never thought of them except as "good old faithful niggers" destined to forever get most of the inadequate remuneration for their toil, by aping and clowning for the entertainment of passengers, who were expected to flip them a dime when they grinned.

Conditions, however, are changing. Alarmed by the organizing of the enslaved porters, the Company granted a "chicken feed" pay increase, dragged in the Filipino bogey and placed the porters' correct names on display in each car in order to eliminate the time honored calling of "George." But alas! These "red herrings" have been of no avail. Unswerved from their indominatable purpose to organize the same as the stockholders, the porters have succeeded in obtaining a membership of well over 51 per cent in the B. S. C. P. and enhanced their self-respect and the respect of the world over 100 per cent.

Now the porters' cause is before the Railroad Mediation Board. Very shortly, due to their intelligent organizing for humane treatment, they also will get a "melon." In addressing the assembled stockholders recently, President Carry of the Pullman Company stated: "There is every reason to be optimistic of payments." Yes, there is; but the Pullman porters as well as the Pullman stockholders are going to get some of that money.

"It is only a matter of time," says Brother Carry, "until something will be done for the stockholders." Yes, Doctor Carry, and it is only a matter of a very short time until something will be done for those who toil in the Pullman cars. Only a matter of time before they will get a decent wage for their unremitting toil. Only a matter of time until their powerful and aggressive union will force you to give them a living wage. You can't stop them now; can't browbeat them now; can't scare them now. They are determined to get their "melon" along with the stockholders who do no work, and they will get their "melon" in short order because they have realized that strength, justice and power lie only in organization.

Blessed indeed are the organized for they shall inherit the earth!

Seldom Seen

(*Continued from page* 344)

tion. For once the little school teacher forgot her culture and social position. She was eternal woman stalking her prey. Miss Renaud was shocked into silence.

Seldom Seen could hardly wait until eight o'clock. Exactly on the hour he strode up the steps. Marie, gorgeous in pink silk that matched the coral tint of her lips and ears, and with a pink carnation in her brown hair, met him at the top step. Side by side they sat in the porch swing, and while they rocked to and fro, their hands stole together, and they both knew that the zero hour had arrived. Marie wondered why he hesitated so long. One might as well get through with it as soon as possible—the air was getting chilly.

He succeeded in stuttering through the proposal. This time he received no flippant refusal. Respectability and wealth is too rare a combination to be taken lightly. Hanging her head in the approved manner for bashful girls receiving proposals of marriage, Marie softly replied, with a slight note of triumph and relief, "Yes, Phil."

As she sank contentedly into his strong black arms, he hungrily kissed her hot dry lips and flushed cheeks again and again. "I'm so happy," she purred, as he held her tightly to his chest, and the music of heavenly choirs coursed through his brain as she slowly circled his black neck with her plump, pink arm. A sudden merciful breeze kept him from igniting.

Two minutes later they received the fulsome blessings of Marie's aunt who expressed great surprise at the news although she had watched the entire proceedings through the parlor window; twelve hours later they received the blessings of Marie's parents who quickly became reconciled to a black son-in-law when they learned of his financial standing; and twenty-four hours later they received the congratulations of Negro society despite the fact that the majority of it was already in the bonds of matrimony. Misery likes company.

Still, as Seldom Seen was wont to remark afterwards, it's an ill wind that blows no good.

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Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent

American Federation of Teachers.
Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor
327 South LaSalle Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Whereas, the undersigned representing the organized teachers of the United States in convention assembled after hearing the address of Frank R. Crosswaith, an organizer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, do hereby go on record unqualifiedly endorsing the gallant efforts being made by this group of Negro workers to strengthen their chances in the struggle to live by organizing into a union;

Whereas, we endorse this movement because we feel that in organizing themselves into a union, through which to protect their interest, they are establishing a splendid precedent for others of their race. If these workers succeed with their program their success will tend to encourage Negro workers everywhere to harness their organized powers for the purpose of improving their economic, social, and educational status, thereby generally making for the elimination of race friction and for the betterment of humankind. We endorse this movement also because we feel that by obtaining for its followers a more just compensation it will eliminate the need for tips and destroy the psychology of the tip-taking soul and create in its place the dignity and self respect that come with the knowledge of a social function honestly performed. Therefore, be it

Resolved, by the American Federation of Teachers that we call upon the organized workers and the travelling public to give every aid possible to the organization of these Negro workers.

Adopted by the American Federation of Teachers at its Tenth Convention, June 28th to July 2nd, 1926.

F. G. Stecker,
Secretary-Treasurer.

National Women's Trade Union League of America

Resolution Number 18.

Industrial Opportunities for Negro Women

Unanimously adopted by the Tenth Biennial Convention, National Women's Trade Union League of America, Meeting in Kansas City, Missouri, June 28 to July 3, 1926.

Whereas, Negro women are reaching out for the development of their race, and are earnestly seeking spiritual as well as economic advancement, and therefore implore their white sisters to help them solve the problems of these, the less fortunate sisters, and

Whereas, although the colored race is being given education, the opportunities to use that education are not open to its members, they being educated on the one hand and kept out of work on the other, and

Whereas, the Negro people are merely asking for a chance to develop economic independence, therefore be it

Resolved, that the National Women's Trade Union League give assistance wherever possible to the National Colored Woman's Association in its endeavor towards creating openings for colored girls and women in lines of endeavor to which they can and will apply themselves if given an opportunity to develop in fields of industry.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Denver, Colorado,
August 25, 1926.

Dear Sir and Brother:

It is with the highest sense of pleasure that I extend to you my congratulations upon this, the first anniversary of our Brotherhood. The men of Denver join me in expressing to you our heartfelt thanks for your untiring devotion to our cause. Your integrity, honesty and matchless leadership will remain as an inspiration for generations unborn. It is our fervent prayer that you will remain at the helm and guide the destinies of this great organization as long as kind providence may spare you with us.

Long live the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

Long live A. Philip Randolph whom we all love to honor.

Sincerely and Fraternally,
A Porter.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Randolph,

Just a word of information. Will you accept my joining fee of ten dollars in part? If so you will find enclosed five dollars. I will send the remainder in a short time, and my back dues will have to be paid in installments. You will please let me know by return mail what it will be to put me square.

I want to say right here that I have always been a man who believed in organization, and would have joined you long ago but circumstances did not admit. Although I have not been able to attend one of your meetings you have had my highest hope and profound wishes for your success. I believe in you and will say that you have achieved the impossible and we are going to stick by you. I have been a silent agent in your great work and have caused several men to join.

Please accept my congratulations on your loyalty to us and your most amiable and profound sacrifice for us. In conclusion, Mr. Randolph, let me say, you have fought an untiring battle, you have said by our ability, "Sink or Swim, live or die, survive or perish," that you were in the fight to stay. We love you for and believe with you that "a man is a man for a' that."

Kindly let me have my card as I want my name cast with the men of the first rank, because we are not here to play, to dream, to drift; we have hard work to do and loads to lift. Shun not the struggle, 'tis God's gift. So let us thank God and take courage. I am

Very truly yours,
A Porter.

Boston, Mass, January 12, 1926

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
General Organizer of
The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

Dear Sir:

I am very much pleased at this moment to express my deep approval of the great work you and those ardent workers who are closely identified with you in the great movement of making much better the conditions of the Pullman porters.

I am a porter who during my twenty-six years' service for the Company as a man in charge earned and turned in thousands of dollars to the pullman company and received $41.50 per month or less; acting as conductor, buffet man, porter, and waiter. I shall only state further that I am very grateful to all of the officers of the country-wide movement as well as to the General Organizer for the great interest shown in the welfare of every Pullman porter in the service, and I cannot see for the life of me how any honest porter, true to his own welfare, be he old or young, can withhold his moral and financial support.

I am sending dues and subscription for The Messenger which you will kindly place to my credit.

With best wishes for a howling success, I am

Yours truly,
A PORTER.

Shafts and Darts

(*Continued from page* 338)

solved themselves into what Engels calls "a community of leaden ennui," enlivened by frequent periods of open warfare. That the true situation is often unknown to the neighbors but demonstrates the ability of the two belligerants to keep their affairs secret. Even the visitor in the household often fails to observe the baleful glances and spiteful nudges; fails to hear the bedroom bickering and the aspersions cast by the two friendly enemies on each others relatives and mental capacities. After years of guerrila warfare and major engagements a great finesse in sarcasm and irony is developed which often escapes the neutral observer who does not sense the rapier in the jest, the darning needle within the retort courteous and the sledge hammer behind the casual comment. Often one hears of an aged convict who, after three decades of prison life refuses the governor's pardon. He is immersed in philosophical resignation. Likewise the principals in an enduring marriage. When their marriage is hailed as a success by the populace because of its endurance, they gracefully accept the plaudits in public and indulge in cynical laughter in private.

Cynical Funny Bones

1. A politician bellowing for an honest administration of government.
2. A lawyer denouncing the crime wave.
3. An Arkansas planter contributing to foreign missions.
4. An Aframerican boasting of his patriotism.
5. A clergyman shouting for the millennium.

Shadows

By EULALIA OSBY PROCTOR

A daughter of the sun and soil, I thrilled from crown to foot with the sheer joy of being alive. With a cloudless sky overhead, and a grassy lane underfoot, I felt that I could run on and on, forever. I felt no fatigue, no hunger, no thirst, no heat, no chill, nothing except life, throbbing fast and wild through my veins.

There were hedges on either side of the lane with clusters of orange-root, ironweed and thistles. Occasionally wild asters and petunias added their touch of color to the green and gold of the way. There were whirring insects, and now and then the deeper drone of a bumble bee lazily seeking the prodigal sweets.

I bent my head and moved on without effort, unconsciously one of all these children of Nature. . . . Suddenly across my path there fell a shadow, gaunt and black, and like an ugly truth, a lightning scarred tree reared its dead branches against the sky. I shivered and the beauty of the day seemed desolated. A sense of foreboding chilled me and I turned and went slowly back, warily conscious of the things I had gone forth to forget.

* * *

There were three doors leading to and from the room, but each door was closed fast, and within we sat in the intimacies of understanding. We spoke few words, but there was no need of words. Ours was the silence and the peace which lies beyond the Path of Comradeship, and when we spoke it might have been a bell chiming in the twilight—merely the added drop to an already full cup!

Beyond the doors lay Reality, Science and Men! Within the room, there was Nothing and All—You and I! I found your presence comforting and with a gesture of contentment and a giving over to desire, rested my head against your breast—daring to seek the haven of Rest which the Omnipotent created in the hollow of arm and breast!

Suddenly there fell a shadow across my mind, and I was aware that Reality, Science and Men were behind me with gravely speculative eyes! A door had opened and with a gesture of dismay, Nothing and All fled. Slowly we went out into the night, wearily conscious of things we would have forgotten.

* * *

A daughter of Desire, I lay along my couch and looked at you—seated near. I was Delight, Desire and Fulfillment Incarnate—and I drew you! There were viols and sobbing flutes, fountains and flowers in the walls which surrounded us. With the magic of a crystal seer I clothed us in rich robes and veiled us with fragrance. Now you were leaning over me—and nearer! The ecstatic warmth of your body against mine—the feel of your face against my hair! My fingers timid, yet bold, caressing your skin! And because there was anguish in the rapturous silence, I spoke at random.

Suddenly there fell a shadow across my thoughts, and the wonder land vanished. Other shadows forced their way into my consciousness, and with a shrill laugh, Reality cast the veil of Relegation before the Nearly Was. Slowly I turned my head to force back the tears—with the weary consciousness of things I would forget!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE MESSENGER, published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1926.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roy Lancaster, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Messenger Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of— *Post office address—*

Publisher—The Messenger Pub. Co., 2311 Seventh Ave, New York
Editor—A. Philip Randolph, 131 Edgecombe Ave., New York
Managing Editor—Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York
Business Manager, Roy Lancaster, 666 St. Nicholas Ave., New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The Messenger Pub. Co., 2311 Seventh Ave., New York
A. Philip Randolph, 131 Edgecombe Ave., New York
Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York
Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York
Victor R. Daly, 261 W. 134th St., New York

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
A. Philip Randolph, 131 Edgecombe Ave., New York
Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York
Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York
Victor R. Daly, 261 W. 134th St., New York

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and his affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROY LANCASTER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1926.
Fredrana D. Waring,
Notary Public, New York County,
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 305; Reg. No. 7137,
Commission expires March 30, 1927.

MUFFLED OPPORTUNITY

A Criticism of Our Newspapers

By HARRY B. WEBBER

There are a few institutions among us which we need cherish and be proud of because they are our own and were not given us by people who were not Negroes. Among these is the Negro press. After long years of struggle we have evolved some creditable newspapers. They exert real influence upon our thoughts and we really like to read them. Once they were all taken as a joke, a charitable enterprise, a necessary evil. Now, though many of them still are all this, there are some we must congratulate. We used to be ashamed to display them in public. But today we have a few that will pass even this acid test. The future looks inviting, progress is evident, and above all opportunity more plentiful than ever in this field. Yet the men behind the newspapers somehow miss the opportunities year after year.

The American Negro has, like any other normal person, a sense of values. You are not going to fool him on newspapers. All his life he has every morning and evening read or at least seen the modern dailies of his city, and his conception of a newspaper has been formed by these mediums. If the Negro paper comes along with something teeming in amateurism, incomplete, full of stale news, he may buy it willingly, but he buys it to help, he thinks, the race, like he would buy a pencil from a blind man—to help the blind man, not because he needed a pencil. Papers to succeed must be bought to read. Otherwise, they are being built on the sands.

We have many editors, though, who seem not to realize this. They ask us to buy something to which our sense of values naturally protests. They continue to do this week after week, year after year. Some have done so 38 or 40 years, and next week will do the same, meanwhile boasting of their age. For them there is little excuse. Age should have taught them better. For younger papers there is less excuse, because they could at least profit by the mistakes of their predecessors. The Negro newspaper has made a bad name for itself among many of the race by treating its buyers as children to whom anything that looked like a newspaper was one.

Someone will say Negroes lack the capital, lack the clientele, lack the location, or the facilities, and so on. If this were the question we might point to the fact that the most successful of our papers were started on a shoestring. These things are not in question, however. If a paper is published every week, our only plea is that full advantage be taken of the facilities it does possess. Editors and makeup men can at least learn the elements of mechanical makeup no matter how scarce the facilities. There are no more than a half dozen Negro papers in the country that know how to write heads for news stories, make a page look physically attractive, use all the advantages of varied type, write headlines than mean something, make up an ad that people will read, write a news story as it should be written. There are less than a half dozen that know how to circulate their paper in the territory they wish to cover, and on this everything depends. News right around the corner is usually missed entirely, or discovered merely by accident. These are things which anyone who pretends to edit a paper, no matter how small, should know first of all. Capital, opportunity, a good field are all needed, but these other things are first to be learned and applied to the materials that are at hand.

Too many men are attacked with a sudden ambition to own a paper and rush off to produce another ridiculous sheet to appeal to our charity since it cannot appeal to our good judgment; meanwhile sublimely unconscious of the failures of other enthusiasts, who, just as he, started off without knowing how.

Newspaper success is founded on, first, hard work like all other success. This hard work must be in the street, not in the office. One must rise at six and work until midnight, brave all weathers, be not afraid to perform all duties, from writing editorials to selling papers from door to door, always feeling that the paper can be improved greatly in some way.

Our editors tend to easily grow contented and lazy. Their idea of success in newspaperdom is to sit at a desk, write editorials, meet distinguished visitors, imagine they are very busy and quite important. Details, as delivery of the paper, circulation in general, securing new business, are left to someone else to be performed some way. The big thing is to get the paper "out" no matter what is in it. When this is done, the editor leans back and talks, as if that were the last paper to be published.

Then our papers copy and copy from someone else. Their heads, their news, their features, their price—all are copied in form or substance usually from some daily, but often some other race paper. If the copy equaled the original in quality, it would not matter so much. But it usually does not, and merely turns out to be an incomplete replica. There are thousands of new ideas in journalism which no paper in the world has discovered. Out of all these it seems that a Negro newspaper could formulate a definite policy and stick to it.

Race papers, with few exceptions, fail to see that their greatest opportunity lies, not in writing editorials, but in producing circulation. Circulation is the basis of all else that a newspaper contains. There are three, possibly four, papers that know what circulation means, have steadied it, and have it. They are, of course, the most successful ones in the country.

Perhaps the reason for this costly lack of knowledge concerning the most important element in the newspaper is in the fact that circulation is a thing to be studied on the streets, not in the office, and editors like their desks. It is safe to say that there is no newspaper in the country which has secured the circulation it could secure by a little more hard work. The fact is recognized, of course, that some papers may not desire any larger circulation than they have.

We copy from the dailies in all but this, and this is where we should copy most. Two instances of the failure of our papers in this respect will suffice.

If we want a daily every day we walk a block, seldom more, to get it, or a phone call will have it delivered to our doorstep. But if we live in a white neighborhood and want a colored paper we must walk or ride to the colored section to get it in almost every case, or else wait until other business takes us where they are sold. Route delivery is something very few papers have tried in any manner.

Again, we live in a small town up New York state, but like to read New York City dailies. Every morning, early and on time, we can easily buy one uptown at a newsstand. We are also interested in race papers from New York to read every week. But somehow the boy who delivers it is on time one week and way late the next. We ask him the trouble and the answer is always the same: "I just received them myself." In a few weeks no paper comes at all, and we find the boy has given up the attempt. In a month or two someone else picks up the sale. But our interest is now gone or lukewarm, and we buy it occasionally, perhaps.

There are a few exceptions to this general criticism. The *Chicago Defender*, founded eighteen years ago, looked at the newspaper business like a successful daily would and went out and got it. It is a sad comment on local papers in some cities that this outside paper enters their own territory and does double the business they do there. The *Defender* attained its notable success through hard work, the only means possible. At the beginning its founder worked day and night to start the business right.

The Pittsburgh Courier, by steady advance year after year, has produced, in the opinion of thousands of readers, the best Negro newspaper in America. If one reads it once he reads it again and again, because it has features that no other paper has, and the reader is bound to find plenty of things in it to interest him.

The Norfolk Journal and Guide and the *Afro-American*, among several other papers, are also notable successes in race journalism.

To conclude, this might be said: The future of Negro newspapers in this country can be very brilliant upon one condition—that Negro publishers learn more about the newspaper business, and learn it preferably on the street corners. It may be well to add that we are well aware of the large number of younger employees of our papers, who really know that there are many things that should be done, but are held back or underpaid by owners who deplore change and who are sure that youngsters know nothing and never will until they become as old as they.

Let editors forget their precious editorials for a while and go out and watch their agents try to sell the paper they have put out. Perhaps no one reads the editorials anyhow.

Editorials

(*Continued from page 337*)

Neither can anyone claim that laws against murder and theft have stopped either murder or theft. Still these laws have a social and moral value. So will a Federal law against lynching have a social and moral value. Besides serving as a deterrent to lynching, it will be a distinct moral victory for the Negro race, whose effect will be reflected and felt in every field of endeavor.

Free Speech in Harlem

As a result of a speech on the streets in the interest of the motion picture operators of the Lafayette Theatre who have been on strike for union wages, Richard B. Moore was arrested on the camouflage charge of disorderly conduct. Things are coming to a pretty pass in Harlem when a man or woman, who is engaged in educational work, on the streets or anywhere else is hustled off to jail on some trumped up charge of disorderly conduct or of blocking the traffic.

The real reason, of course, was neither disorderly conduct or blocking the traffic, but was the advocacy of the rights of the underpaid and overworked Negro motion picture operators who are lawfully fighting, through the medium of collective bargaining, to improve their wage conditions against the arrogant cupidity and greed of the Lafayette Theatre owners.

These operators, who are members of the American Federation of Labor, have been the victims of a barbarous injunction to prevent them from conducting peaceful picketing. Even persons not connected, in any way, with the strike were told by the police that they would not be permitted to speak on the strike. Think of it. Red blooded Negroes will not permit the Lafayette Theatre or any other crowd, to suppress free speech in Harlem. There can be no progress where there is not a free expression of opinion, right or wrong. But to protect and preserve this fundamental right, Negroes of Harlem, must rear up on their hind legs and howl in protest, as well as organize and act to redress such flagrant and wanton invasions of their freedom.

Harry Wills and Jack Dempsey

Neither Harry Wills or Dempsey were as good fighters as the public judged them to be. Sports critics had made tin-gods of them both. Each was completely beaten by second rate fighters. Of course, age and idleness for some time doubtless had something to do with their defeats. It is to be regretted that neither one went down to defeat in man-like-fashion, for Dempsey cowardly evaded Wills and Wills cowardly fouled Sharkey.

Apparently, Negro fighters are meeting with some hard breaks. Many of their adverse turns are due to the fact that they are depending too entirely upon their bodies and not enough upon their minds. Negroes must disabuse their minds of the idea that any Negro fighter can beat any white man. Such stuff is pure moonshine. Training wins in this world we live in—training of mind and body.

An Ex-Slave

(*Continued from page 330*)

tired workers. But even this final act of ingratitude has not soured Si's soul or cooled his ardor for the Cause. "They can withhold my pension," says this old man, fired with a burning love for justice, "they can do to me the worst they know how. I am not old. I was born when the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was born. I will stand by my Union, come what may. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation freed my people and me. When the shackles fell from our limbs, Lincoln's son girdled again our loins with a new form of slavery. I hope to live long enough to see these, too, broken, and the race to which I belong take its place in the world of men to do an honest day's work and receive honest wage for the same, rather than to depend upon tips. The service a porter gives to the traveling public is honorable service and deserving of honorable remuneration, not tips."

Men of every race in every age have spoken like this ex-slave speaks today. His voice is, therefore, a recognition of the fact that in the bruised breast of every toiler, be he a chattel or a wage slave, there smoulders a live spark of revolt which, when universally kindled, will rid the world of the exploitation of man by his fellows, and place human values above the level of dollars and cents, and when service, performed even by the humblest in society, will be recognized as man's greatest claim to the respect and reward of his fellows.

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